

The Editor is happy to receive and to consider articles from any quarter; but he cannot in any case return MSS. which are not accepted, nor will he hold interviews or correspondence concerning them.

## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1869.

### THE DO-NOTHING PARTY.

THERE is a class of people in this country who may properly be styled the Do-Nothing party. These people are usually well educated and often rich. They have, therefore, means and time for reflection not vouchsafed to the mass. Hence by an admitted rule of patriotism it is their duty to do more rather than less for the public good than the average of their fellow-citizens. The Do-Nothing party, however, appear to be of a totally opposite opinion, and, so far as their belief is to be inferred from their practice, hold that the more a man gets from the community the less he is bound to give it in return. Most of the Do-Nothing party may be classified into two branches, and nothing is easier than to tell by his speech to which branch a particular individual belongs. One branch holds that democracy in this country is a failure; that the permanent existence of the republic is impossible; that things are constantly growing worse as a direct and certain consequence flowing from the inherent nature of our institutions; and that, as this is inevitable and must lead to a revolutionary catastrophe, nothing that they can do will prevent it. The other branch holds that democracy in America is a splendid success; that the establishment of any other form of government here is impossible; that things are constantly growing better as the logical product of our great and glorious institutions; and that, as this is unchangeable as destiny, and must lead up to a political millennium, whatever happens, no aid from them is needful to facilitate or insure it. Thus both branches while travelling by different roads arrive at the same goal. Both conclude that there is really no use in doing anything either to introduce benefits or reform abuses. Both agree in doing one thing—which is to do nothing; and both, consequently, have equal rights and equal standing in the great Do-Nothing party.

Now, when the cardinal tenet of this compact and beneficent organization is referred to in connection with any particular member of it, it is common to speak with great delicacy and indulgence. "Oh! you know Mr. A. hates politics so much that you can't expect him to take any interest in them." "Mr. B. is a true patriot and a democrat to the backbone—a friend of the people, and all that—but his business is so absorbing—he really can't give his mind to public affairs." "Mr. C. belongs to one of our very best old families, and nothing could induce him, of course, to mix with politicians as they are in our time." And so forth. This is what we hear constantly of members of the Do-Nothing party. The omission of duty on their parts is usually treated with marked tolerance, sometimes, although rarely, gently stigmatized as a foible, and much more frequently admired as a virtue. The admirers think it a sign of aristocracy, a kind of hall-mark attesting the genuine metal, a token of gentle breeding and refined associations, and so to be rather looked up to and esteemed. Are not all politicians, or at least almost all, rascals, corrupters, pilferers, men of low breeding and little education, prize-fighters, gamblers, stable-keepers, and the like, and occasionally even homicides, who have hanging about their early lives what Dickens's fantastic Jew who plead for Jaggers would have called "a suspicion of plate?" And is not the distinction more enviable to be free of the atmosphere and contact of such caitiffs than to be known to enjoy them? Beside this, what may be termed the foreign aristocracy, resident or sojourning among us, the class of wealthy bankers, brokers, and other capitalists who wield so much influence at our commercial centres, and are so much followed because of being "European," take small interest in our national politics. If they do, it is chiefly because of some supposed bearing on their personal interests, and the wires they pull are mostly hidden ones. These gentry think America a very good place to make money in, but Europe a much better place to spend it in. They naturally think more of their own present good than of the enduring good of the country. But their influence in neglecting public affairs is not unfelt, and many copy from them an indifference to the business of the state which, however it may be adjudged innocent in foreigners, becomes in their native imitators almost a crime.

The idea that underlies all this callousness to the interests of the common wealth, and creates, while it does not justify, the Do-Nothing party, is that the educated class in this country is too weak to make any stand against universal suffrage and its consequences; that the few must perforce submit in all things to the many, and so may as well let the case go against them by default as to make resistance that must needs prove unavailing. The idea is sound enough from one side and a plausible fallacy from another. No intellect and no attainments can make one vote into two, but it is not less certain that in any issue between brains and numbers, brains will effect nothing unless used. Now, most of the evils, the corruptions, and maladministrations that afflict us, are the direct products of numbers working without that check, leaven, or safety-valve of intelligence which the Do-Nothing Party have so unpatriotically and so injuriously withheld. The masses, becoming in natural order the tools of demagogues who have taught them to use the ballot as a sword instead of a shield, have

carried the country, and are carrying it now, fast toward the brink of ruin. The brains, substantially speaking, and for the bad reasons we have cited, have held aloof. Yet with their aid—the aid of a repentant and regenerated body which should be thus metamorphosed into a Do-Something party—we trust, and believe, that all that is good of the Republic might yet be saved, corruption abolished, and the some-time-lost blessings of good government restored to the country. Some will hold, no doubt, that this assertion of ours, that there has been a lack of brains in our policy and administration, is libellous. Yet all will admit that *something* has been lacking, and if not brains, what is it? Democracy here and just now most certainly is a failure, but its friends have a right to bespeak for it a fair trial. If it is positively unavoidable in a democracy that all power should gradually sink into the hands of the lower classes, and that the best intellects should at the same time withdraw from all participation in public affairs, then democracy has had a fair trial with us, and has failed; but not otherwise.

It appears to us more and more evident, as time goes on, that the salvation of the country, with the preservation of the existing form of government, must depend upon the action of those whom we have styled the Do-Nothing party. That party must combine not for inglorious sloth and stubborn apathy, but for bold and energetic action. Whether their leanings be toward a republic or a monarchy, we have a right to suppose they equally desire the public good; and they can well combine for such an end now that matters are so deplorably bad with us that almost any form of opposition to the existing order of things must be productive of good. There are many ways in which an earnest minority can make itself felt; but unity of action and a determination to move with energy are indispensable. As one means of drawing together, and, as it were, focalizing such efforts, we have great hopes in the project of a Reform Club for New York, which was proposed in these columns a fortnight since, which has been warmly received in various influential quarters, and of which we shall have more to say anon. Such a club with branches in other principal cities—or, if preferred, the latter might have independent organizations with similar aims—would draw together numbers who have hitherto belonged to the Do-Nothing party, and stimulate them to do their duty by their country and themselves. Other plans may be as good or better by way of basis for reforms which have now become indispensable to the life of the republic, and we shall strive in the event of such being brought forward to give them efficient support.

### THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

FORTY years ago the first railroad in America was completed from Albany to Schenectady. It was long after that beginning of our railroad system that the idea of a line stretching ultimately from the Atlantic to the Pacific was first suggested. For a whole generation the scheme was considered impracticable; but gradually, through one agency and another—the Mexican war; the discovery of gold in California, Colorado, and Montana; the discovery of silver in Nevada; the political excitement attending the settlement of Kansas; the movement of the Mormons from Illinois to Utah; the explorations of Fremont; the public addresses of William Gilpin and Asa Whitney; and the constant hammering on the subject by Senator Benton—the public mind was educated up to it. Finally, in 1862 Congress authorized the construction of a road from the Mississippi to the Pacific. The work was undertaken by two companies, the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific; the former, made up of Californians, was to build east from Sacramento; the latter, composed of Eastern capitalists, to build west from Omaha. Each company was to own and run all the road it could construct before the two sections met in the interior, and each was to receive a government endowment ranging from sixteen to forty-eight thousand dollars per mile, according to the nature of the country through which the lines ran. Nominally this was a loan. On the completion of every twenty miles of road bonds were issued for the amounts due, the government taking as security a first mortgage on the line. For all freights and mails carried over the road government was to be charged the same as private individuals; one half to be paid in cash and the other reserved as a sinking fund toward the extinction of the bonds.

This liberal endowment, however, proved insufficient. Eastern capitalists—with the ignorance of the resources and development of the western half of our continent common among those who have never seen it—had no faith in the enterprise; the charters were regarded as valueless, and it proved impossible to raise the necessary funds. In 1864 Congress changed the government loan into a second mortgage, and authorized the companies to issue their own bonds to a similar amount as a first mortgage upon the road. Under these conditions money began to flow in, and the work was commenced. For the first time, perhaps, in the history of such enterprises the line has been built a year earlier than its most sanguine friends expected, and seven years sooner than the charter required. There has been considerable scandal about the companies, and a good deal of talk about rings, black-mailing, the corruption of the government commissioners, and the improper building of the line. The facts seem to be that the government bonds issued in aid of the enterprise have averaged about \$30,000 per mile, which, with the company's bonds to a similar amount, gives \$60,000 per mile for the construction of the road, while the actual cost has been but \$50,000, leaving a net cash profit on the work of some-

thing over \$17,000,000. Much senseless talk has been prevalent about this large sum, but the only question which really affects the public is, Have the companies kept their contract with the government? If they have, and yet have made a hundred millions out of it, so much the better for the companies, and so much the worse for Congress which made the bargain with them. The most trustworthy reports indicate that the road is decidedly better built than most new Western railways, but that in the great haste of construction caused by the keen rivalry between the companies some of the work has been slurred. There are curves to shorten, grades to make even, stone to be substituted for lumber at many crossings, and some ballasting yet to be done; but the companies claim that under their charter they were not required to complete a first-class road until 1876; and that if they found it better, as it undoubtedly was, for the country and themselves, to unite the rails this year, and then devote their energies to perfecting the road, no one has a right to complain. They will certainly have the same motive to make a good, safe, and substantial line that other great companies have, and the public interests will be fully met by the government retaining in its hands sufficient bonds to insure the thorough completion of the road.

We are not of those who would judge by any very rigid or petty rules the men who built this great highway. Even if their affairs have been conducted loosely, and perhaps extravagantly, it must be borne in mind that at the outset they took great risks. There was so little faith in the enterprise that the older and safer capitalists would have nothing to do with it. The men who risked their fortunes and reputations upon it were necessarily men of great enthusiasm, some of them without balance, and some reckless; but they have done one of the greatest material works the world ever saw, and done it in an unprecedentedly short period. It has taken the city of New York fifteen years partially to build a new court-house, and it will probably take five more years to complete it; it took from five to fifteen years to carry our great railroad lines across the Alleghenies; but in four years, over a country quite destitute of supplies, much of it destitute of wood and water, hundreds of miles of it at an altitude of more than a mile above the sea, and a considerable portion of it exceedingly heavy mountain work, these companies have built seventeen hundred and seventy miles of railway. Only petty minds could judge this achievement by any petty standard.

The work from beginning to end thoroughly illustrates our blind but irrepressible national energy. The endowment of these companies was made practically in the dark. Every civilized government in these days endows great railway lines in some form or other, but only after deliberate and careful examination. Here there was no thoughtful looking into the subject on the part of Congress, no appointment of commissioners to learn the most successful mode of endowing railways in foreign countries, no intelligent and exact ascertaining of what was the best and most economical method of securing the construction of this great road. Yet with all this heedlessness an unprecedented work has been done—one which will doubtless contribute more to the growth and prosperity of the country than any other national undertaking.

What will the new road do for us? It is too late to theorize, and yet too early to know practically. It must develop the whole western half of our continent, its mines, forests, farms, fisheries, and manufactures, giving to them all a new and vigorous life. It must increase enormously the commercial importance of San Francisco. It must give a new impetus to our trade with eastern and southern Asia. It must increase greatly American influence and power in China and Japan, and bring us into closer and more intimate relations with those countries than any other western nation enjoys. It would seem, too, that it must increase also the commercial importance of the United States as compared with that of Great Britain. In short, it must divert the world's traffic into new channels, and lead to commercial developments and revolutions now undreamt of by the most sanguine enthusiasts. It must do this and more, or history will prove a blind guide and experience a false prophet.

#### A NEW SUMMER RESORT.

MORE than ever this year our wayward May has justified Lowell's charge that she is

... "a pious fraud of the almanac,  
A ghastly parody of real Spring,  
Shaped out of snow and breathed with eastern wind."

But April, on the other hand, was more than kind, and treated us to such a foretaste of summer as set us all to thinking of green fields with "daisies pied" and musical with purling brooks, of shady forest walks and breezy mountain tops, of crystal lakes and the unutterable glory of the tumbling, roaring, flashing surf. However May shall misbehave herself, the time is not far distant when the real setting in of hot weather will force anew on people's attention the great and annual perplexity, where to spend the summer. Doubtless it is sheer bewilderment and despair of selection as much as anything else which yearly drives so many of us to the watering-places to squander a winter's savings in expensive and fashionable discomfort. A little, too, of Hamlet's philosophy which

... "makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of,"

probably helps to determine the wavering choice year after year toward Saratoga and Long Branch, rather than to the sequestered and untried beauties

of Podunk or Penn Yan. We yearn for quiet and rural freshness, and we have a lively remembrance of the miseries of last year's sojourn at spa or seaside; the stifling rooms; the ill-cooked, scrappy, and almost unattainable meals; the ostentatious dullness, the systematic extortion, the elaborate incivility which made the delusive total of our summer enjoyment. But knowing these things we know the worst that Saratoga or Long Branch can do, and we shudder and shrink from the unimaginable possibilities of untried torture that Penn Yan or Podunk may have in store for us. That odd passion for gregariousness which inspires Americans to make almost any sacrifice for the privilege of crowding one another in hotels and at public tables, has hitherto denied us the realization of that private lodging system whereby an English watering-place is made to yield its fullest benefit and enjoyment even to the most moderate means. Within easy reach of New York there are many places on our coast where all the advantages of Ramsgate or Hastings could be readily attained. Doubtless if such places were duly prepared we would go to them, but in their absence we follow the herd to the shambles where Fashion yearly slaughters our health and comfort.

Yet it seems highly probable that for most people the fashionable watering-place is a last resort, a desperate refuge, as we have said, from the worry and weariness of bewildering choice. At bottom they go each term with a mental protest that that time is to be the last, and we do not at all doubt that the discovery of a summer resort which would be at once fashionable, convenient, salubrious, and cheap, would be hailed with universal satisfaction. Such a one we take the profoundest pleasure in announcing that we have found. It is preposterously easy of access, requires no travelling at all to speak of, and involves none of the painful anxieties and apprehensions incident to the convoy of baggage and babies and band-boxes on steamers that occasionally blow up, and trains that never connect except in the way of collision. Its salubrity is unquestioned, and in case of sickness one's family physician, by a happy foresight of the proprietor, is close at hand. No expense is necessary in the way of dresses, in respect to which there prevails a degree of freedom almost arcadian, while the civility and promptness of the attendance and the excellence of the cuisine are equally charming. The bed-rooms are airy and distractingly neat, the parlors combine elegance with comfort most alluringly, the dining-room is a model of cheerful brightness, and all the apparatus is beautiful in its cleanliness. Most admirable feature of all, there is in this paradise of summer joyance absolutely no scandal; one may do exactly and only what he pleases without fear and without reproach. Is not this an entrancing picture, and is not every reader already agog to know the whereabouts of this incomparable watering-place? We do not doubt it, and we shall not trifle longer with this evident anxiety. The directions are simple though paradoxical: our new summer resort is reached by simply staying at home.

To most of our readers this announcement, we are sure, will come with all the force of a revelation. For most of us to go away from home during the summer, to leave the city if we are city folk, to come into the city if we are country folk, has seemed a necessity of existence. But a short trial of the contrary plan will, we are confident, readily demonstrate the fallacy of this notion. Or, if there be right on either side, it is certainly on the side of the rural population who fill our August streets with the grateful change of their sweet simplicity and ingenuous wonder. Here they find abundance instead of the barrenness they leave, plenty of fresh fruits and fresh vegetables, of that deliciously pure milk for which our city is justly famed, of that incomparable butter whose eloquent silence speaks for itself—all those delicacies that the country is proverbially without. We should do well to take counsel of their sagacity. To be sure, New Yorkers have advantages in the way of staying at home that denizens of less-favored cities lack. To the Bostonian or the Philadelphian, for example, it is probably a positive requisite for health to escape now and then from the depressing influences which surround him, from the debilitating atmosphere of respectable dullness which broods like a miasma over the white marble stoops of Broad Street and the swell fronts of Commonwealth Avenue. It is absolutely necessary for him to get some relief from the oppressive consciousness of excellence which, like all other of this world's imperfect blessings, citizenship in either of those admirable municipalities entails. But even the Philadelphian or Bostonian who will sedulously shut himself up for a week or two in his own house, reading only the New York papers and shunning his own like a pestilence, holding no converse with any of his fellows, resolutely forgetting his importance to the rest of mankind, and living chiefly on ices and sherry cobbles, and sleeping in a bath-tub, may find that he has passed a pleasanter summer than all the modern inconveniences of Cape May or Nahant could afford. If he must leave home, let him come to New York; but let the New Yorker by all means stay at home. We have dwelt before on the advantages of New York as a watering-place, but the list is almost inexhaustible. The drug stores on every corner, and the magnificent free public baths in every slip, enable us to combine all the benefits of spring and seaside. Then the quiet, the personal security, the cleanliness, insured by the admirable efficiency of our municipal administration, offer peculiar inducements to invalids and people with nerves! The proximity of the most delightful cemetery in the country is not to be sneezed at; the sea-breeze, wafted over the romantic abattoirs of Communipaw and the fragrant soap manufactories of Mackerelville, is wonderfully



invigorating. George Francis Train's lectures are ridiculously refreshing, and James Fisk, Jr., is a perennial joy. This last-named gentleman moreover, we are given to understand, promises with a public spirit which does him infinite credit to parade through Broadway every afternoon during the summer, attended by Dodworth's full band playing popular airs from Offenbach, and escorted at a respectful distance by a body-guard of financial editors. Then there is Tompkins Square with the delight of seeing the sweet green grass and wanting to lie on it, and the additional delight of resisting temptation, and obeying the law; the pleasure of looking at Brooklyn or Hoboken across the river and feeling a thrill of ecstatic joy at the sudden consciousness of being able to look at it across the river, and the joy of knowing that you can go to hear Mr. Beecher preach, or Miss Kellogg scr—sing, or Mr. Booth suffocate Miss McKivker, joined to the happiness of realizing that you can also forego those enchantments. Then the wild delight of a ride in the horse-cars, the thrilling excitement of a sail over the ferry, the almost frantic gladness of failing to visit the Academy of Design, the maddening joy of not going to Coney Island, and of staying away from the *Tempest*. When we think of all these things our heart swells with gratitude not unmixed with apprehension. We almost repent having extended this invitation, and set forth these inducements. For well we know that none can resist them, and already we see in fancy the ruthless horde of outer barbarians that shall dismay our fair city during the summer. Bostonians will fill with unwonted clamor our quiet beer-gardens, Philadelphians will rudely disturb the peace of our billiard-rooms, Chicagoans will crowd us out of our churches, Cincinnatians will make merry in our prayer-meetings. We have done an evil thing, but repentance comes too late. Needs must when the devil drives (*salva reverentia*, we say it), and the devil is clamorous for copy. So let it be. We scorn to deny for any reason of personal gain the truth we have once spoken, and we preferably fly from the invasion we cannot hope to stem. Some lodge in the vast wilderness of Westchester, some modest hostelry in Hoboken, some lonely cot on Brooklyn Heights shall for a while receive us. From that voluntary exile we shall look with an envy unstained by malice on the enjoyment we have been the means of giving to immense numbers of our bucolic countrymen; we shall reflect with pleasure on the vast wealth which they will bring to swell the empty coffers of our impoverished hotel-keepers, and we shall peruse with philanthropic gratification the statistics of metropolitan mortality. So we shall be happy, and everybody will be happy, except at the deserted caravanseries of Long Branch and Saratoga, where will be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Is not this a charming prospect?

#### AN AMERICAN CORSAIR.

HISTORY perpetually repeats itself. Whatever is, has been; and that which is to be, what is it, according to the wise Preacher, but that which hath been? The past few days have witnessed a repetition of the *Alabama* episode—not strictly parallel but substantially the same—an armed ship leaving our chief seaport in broad daylight, with men and ammunition ostensibly designed to be used against a power with whom we are at peace, and on terms of amicable relations. On the fourth of May the first-class steamship *Arago*, having on board a large number of breech-loading rifles, and an "immense quantity of ammunition, shot, shell, ordnance, and tents," quietly slipped from a New York pier at an early hour and anchored below in the harbor. Here she received on board nearly a thousand men, all more or less armed, brought to her in detachments from various points along the river by steam-tugs. The United States marshal and the custom-house authorities would seem to have known what was taking place; but no steps were taken to prevent this breach of our laws, no advice was asked of headquarters, and the new *Alabama*, having completed her preparations, sailed fully equipped from our waters to land her filibustering crew in Cuba, and afterwards make war upon Spanish commerce, nominally as a Cuban privateer, but really as an American corsair. That this is virtually the mission of the *Arago* there seems little doubt. Like the *Alabama* she is a fine fast steamer, able to show her heels to the Spanish men-of-war, and in the hands of a resolute crew will possibly make herself as notorious as that historical craft.

It seems incredible that this expedition could have sailed from New York without the knowledge of the authorities at Washington. If the reports of the daily press are to be credited, and, though mixed up with some exaggeration, there is no doubt a substratum of truth running through the printed accounts, then the officials here not only had cognizance of the whole affair, but actually facilitated the embarkation of the armed volunteers, and sold to the leaders of the expedition ammunition from the ordnance stores on Governor's Island. If the government were really ignorant of the whole proceeding, they must be convicted of intolerable blindness and stupidity. It has long been known, to any one with eyes to see or ears to hear, that the Cuban refugees were suspiciously active in this city, and some have even gone so far as to affirm that New York is the headquarters of the rebellion, and that without the aid and sympathy afforded by it the revolution would long ago have ignominiously ended. Be that, however, as it may, there was evidence enough to lead the government to keep a strict watch over the proceedings of Cuban sympathizers here, so as to prevent just such an expedition as that which has set sail. For months past Cuban volunteers have been regularly drilling in the city, not secretly

but openly; and it might naturally be inferred that an effort would be made to forward them to the seat of war. Reports that expeditions were fitting out from various points in the South were evidently a ruse to divert suspicion. From whatever point of view we regard the affair, it appears impossible to acquit the government of blame, though it may condone the offence by doing all it can to prevent further mischief. We cannot conceive that President Grant would stoop so low as to connive at this outrage upon Spain. If he intends to aid the Cubans to shake off Spanish rule, let him do so openly and honestly, as a matter of policy and principle, and manfully face the result. However mistaken we might think his views, and however strongly we might censure his conduct, we should at least admire his straightforward dealing; but to be found conniving with adventurers and filibusters would be a degradation to which we would fain hope he may never be reduced.

The course of the government now seems plain. If not too late, the *Arago* must be captured before reaching Cuba, the ammunition and vessel confiscated, and the ringleaders of the expedition punished. Less than this will not satisfy Spain, vindicate our national honor, or justify our policy on the *Alabama* question. The sailing of the *Arago* from New York is a more serious offence than the departure of the notorious "299" from Birkenhead. The latter vessel started without arms and men, and only received her equipment when she had passed out of British waters; the *Arago* departed on her mission fully armed and equipped in a United States port. How can we reproach England for the *Alabama* note if the *Arago* beam is not promptly plucked out? These were our impressions on reading the first announcements of the sailing of the expedition, and time, which brings about in its whirligig strange revenges and reverses, has brought little to alter or modify our views. Some doubt has been thrown upon the name of the vessel and the details of her armament, but nothing has appeared to show that the original accounts, highly sensational as they were, were not substantially correct. On the contrary, later developments indicate that not one but several vessels have sailed for Cuba from this city. Is the government unwilling or too imbecile to act vigorously in the matter?

#### CROW'S FEET;

OR,

#### PROLUSIONS OF THE EXPERIENCE CLUB.

BY FRED. S. COZZENS.

FOURTH PAPER.

*The Club Rooms. George Grotius, solus.*

"AT my time of life! Fifty-three!—at fifty-three to be caught by a bright eye and a little hand and little foot! At my time of life to become a citizen of Abdera! At my time of life to go smiling round a little nosegay of sweet seventeen, who, perhaps, only intends to let me make an old fool of myself! Yet, why should she deceive me? Why should she blush so sweetly whenever I asked her a question? Why did she send Martha Martingale to ask me to hand her to the supper-table? Why did she, or why didn't she? O woman! what a riddle thou art. I'll ask Mrs. Memphramagog if she thinks it possible for the love of a girl to dawn upon the fag end of a bachelor's life! She has had experience, and—[*touches hand-bell; enter Joseph*—Joseph, if Mrs. Memphramagog is disengaged, I would like to see her; if she is in her own room, I will pay my respects to her there."

Mrs. M. is a little flurried by this message,—"Rather early for club hours—and what can he want of me? Tell him to walk up, Joseph."

George Grotius walks into the housekeeping room, and, as soon as he catches her eye, blushes as deeply as he ever did over a third bottle of Madeira. This embarrasses Mrs. M. in turn, and she says rather faintly, "Mr. Grotius, take a chair." George installs himself in that piece of furniture, and, thinking that the ice ought to be broken, begins by making a pretty large hole in it.

"My dear madam," and he draws his chair up to the side of the housekeeper, and lays his plump and not unhandsome hand upon the arm of her easy chair, "you have had much experience in—what shall I say—in—do not think me absurd, Madam, but when a man of my age begins to turn his attentions to love—"

"Mr. Grotius!" said the housekeeper, blushing to the border of her lace cap.

"That is," continued George, "I was about to say, you are the only person who can advise me. You have had three husbands, Mrs. Memphramagog,—"

Here the housekeeper reddened up again, and casting her eyes upon her lap, said in a whisper, but with a smile of conscious innocence, "Only two, Mr. Grotius."

"Only two, Mrs. Memphramagog? I thought there were three; however, it makes no difference, so far as I am concerned—"

"You, Mr. Grotius?"

"Yes, Madam; you see I have led a wild life for many years. You are aware, I believe, that I am a topog."

"A what?" said the housekeeper, moving her chair back in a sort of horror.

"A topog; in other words, a topographical engineer. Topog is an abbreviation; as, for instance, your own name might be shortened to Magog, or Gogmagog—both Scripture names—or be otherwise changed."

Here the housekeeper knit her brows a little—the abbreviation of her own name into Gogmagog did not please her, but she smiled and bridled up too,—a change of name *might not* be displeasing.

"My profession has carried me into the wildest parts of the continent. I have assisted to explore and map the rugged face of nature in those remote recesses where foot of white man never trod. For thirteen years I was upon one expedition, during which, except some of the wild female creatures that the frontiers let loose upon Western territory, I did not see any women that were not Indian. Other expeditions of longer or shorter duration occupied the rest of my early manhood. In one of them I took to myself a helpmate, but soon had the

misfortune to lose my wife; her name was Suk-wa-la-la; she was the belle of a tribe of Flatheads and sister of the chief. She was a perfect beauty. Her forehead, from her black eyebrows to the summit of her cranium, had an inclination of 45 degrees to the plane of the horizon, and a similar elevation of her back hair made her head in shape like a wedge. It is customary in taking an Indian wife to make presents to the rest of her family and friends. Beside other *douceurs*, the marriage gifts to her brother, the chief, consisted of a barrel of pork, a twenty-dollar gold-piece, and a red blanket. But, notwithstanding, I lost her in two days."

"These sad affairs must happen to us all, Mr. Grotius. Twice have I been called upon to bear my trials in losing those who were very dear to me," and the tender-hearted widow put her apron to her eyes. "What did your wife die of?"

"I did not say she died, Madam; I said that I lost her. She took to the brush!"

"And pray what does that mean?" said the housekeeper.

"Ran away!" replied Grotius, "and took to the woods and wilderness; and I did not think it worth while to pursue her. My only recompense was twenty-five pounds of pork out of my own barrel, which the chief, her brother, sent me as a solace for my bereavement. You may judge then that with so many years of my life passed in this wild company, I have had very little chance to make the acquaintance of ladies of culture and refinement; and since my return, for the past five years, I have not improved my time in this respect; in fact, I know nothing of the nature of white women, my female companions having been squaws. Now, the nature of a squaw is to be captivated with beads, trinkets, paint, feathers, gaudy blankets, all kinds of flaunting and finery; but a white woman is not to be won by gewgaws."

"Do you think so, Mr. Grotius?" said the housekeeper quietly.

"Of course I do. A woman of refinement, of our high order of civilization, gives her heart when she gives her hand; does she not, Mrs. Memphramagog? Now, you are a widow of some experience; suppose a gentleman loved you, and you had a tender feeling for him, but you knew that diffidence kept him from declaring himself to you, because he was not sure of being accepted; that you knew this, and was disposed to let him know his hopes were not unfounded, how would you—in other words, by what secret sign, by what winning free-masonry, would you inform him of your preference?" and George tenderly laid his hand upon the hand of the old housekeeper.

"Oh! Mr. Grotius," said she, dropping a tender tear, "what would become of the club?"

The Angel of the Heavenly Court of Errors caught the tear as it fell, and deposited it in that sacred receptacle where the tears of all good widows are kept!

"Oh! the club would survive the loss, I hope," continued George; "besides, I need not, in giving up the club, give up my old friends."

"Of course not," said the housekeeper, wiping her eyes. "But, Mr. Grotius, my conscience would never permit me to become the wife of another while his first wife was living. Never," continued the widow,—"never should it be said of Mary Memphramagog that she had married a gentleman, however highly she might esteem him," and here she gave his hand a tender squeeze, "while his earlier love had took to the brush! Perhaps now she is rampaging round with those Quakers, and on good terms with them; so that there is very little hope of a blessed chance of her being brought to an untimely end by General Sully or Sheridan. And suppose she should make her appearance after we were married and settled, in all her war-paint and feathers, demanding your precious person; walking through the streets in her moccasin feet, with a whole string of little dirty vagabonds at her heels; her long black hair streaming down from under a man's hat; a basketful of pincushions on her arm, and a scalpin' knife in her hand ready to deprive me of this"—and here she shuddered and laid her other hand upon her false hair-front, which was as neat as wax—"and very rightly saying, too, that I was only your wife by b—," here she sobbed, "b—," sobbed again, "b—," another fruitless effort.

"By brevet?" said George, trying to help her out.

"No," she screamed, "by Bigamy!" and clung to the astonished George as in the struggles of despair.

"Madam! Mrs. Memphramagog!" said that love-lorn swain.

"But," she continued, sobbing at intervals, "although I will not marry you, my dear, until a certain person is disposed of, yet I promise you to live only for your sake, and no temptation shall lead me to wed another."

Here George, in amazement, rose from his chair and, with the true manners of a gentleman, bowed—

"Adieu," said George gallantly and tenderly, "if I ever hear of her lamented decease I will let you know. But she is quite young yet, and may live to be a hundred." Saying this, he closed the door and solemnly descended to the sanded floor of the sitting-room, where, looking up at the printed rules of the club hanging over the mantelpiece, he coolly hauled out his pocket-book, extracted one dollar from that receptacle, put it through the slit in the treasurer's box, and uttered in his deep, sonorous voice, "—ation! (one dollar fine), what an escape I have had!"

[We print below, from the pen of one of the counsel for Jefferson Davis, the fourth of a series of articles the nature of which is described in the heading. It is proper to explain that we do not concur in all the views expressed in these articles; but that they appear in the *Round Table* because of our belief in the utility of a free expression of all honest opinion, and because of our respect for the candor, patriotism, and learning of the writer, who, having made his subject a long and anxious study, is well qualified to interest and instruct upon it even in most cases where he may fail to convince.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

## DAVIS AND LEE;

### OR, THE REPUBLIC OF REPUBLICS.

*An attempt to ascertain, from the Federal Constitution, from the acts of the pre-existent States, and from the contemporaneous expositions of the fathers, the SOVEREIGNTY, CITIZENSHIP, ALLEGIANCE, and TREASON of the United States, the obligation of the President's Constitutional Oath, and the reasons why the trial of the Confederate Chiefs was evaded. By one of the Counsel of Jefferson Davis.*

#### CHAPTER IV. SECESSION AND COERCION.

IT is incontrovertible that the federal system is states united, and that these must always be sovereign, and superior to the governments they create. It

is equally plain that the "national unity," the "absolute supremacy" of "the government," and the allegiance of the states thereto, which are asserted by the Massachusetts school, are absurd and pernicious, as well as traitorous falsehoods.

This "federal system" is precisely what Montesquieu and other publicists happily call a "republic of republics." Natural persons by social compact form the society called the state, which is a republic. Such state is a moral or political person, as contra-distinguished from a natural one. For mutual protection, and general government, it joins other such political persons in federal compact, thus forming the "republic of republics," or "union of states," as the federal compact characterizes the system formed by it. "Community of communities," "confederation of republics," "united states," etc., etc., are other phrases of public writers, signifying the same political system.

Natural persons, then, form states, while these, as political persons, form the federation called "the United States." The Constitution contemplates these political bodies as solely the sources of power, and of elective right. Every voter acts for the state, and gets his special endowment of authority to vote from her alone. She settles the matter, as a sovereign, in her organic law. Hence we see that the representatives are elected by the states, as are the senators and the President; and that all of these, together with the officers they appoint, are "the government of the . . . states" under "the Constitution of the . . . states."

Omitting from the above constitutional phrases the participial adjective which, with the sense of *joined* or *associated*, qualifies or describes states, we easily distinguish between the political entities that form the federal system and their mere qualities; and see that the only nation we have, or can have, is self-united or associated states—the system being properly described as a "republic of republics," or a "union of states."

#### NO CONSTITUTIONAL COERCION OF STATES.

Our states being equal and voluntarily joined, the Constitution being the expression of their will, and the federal government being their agency, in the very nature of things no coercive power over them could be derived from the Constitution. Moreover, if they were once voluntary parties, they could not have become involuntary ones, without their own action; for they have the sole power of amendment (see Art V.), and, to cap the climax, the fathers were unanimous in excluding the power of coercion from the federal compact, and, out of abundance of caution, guarding against it by amendment, all of which will be hereafter fully shown. Buchanan, Lincoln, and others argued that the recent exertion of federal force against certain states was not coercion of states, but was military coercion of persons, banded to oppose the federal laws, or, in other words, the putting down of a rebellion; but such views are dignified by calling them weak sophistry. For the said states acted as bodies in making the Constitution; they moved as such in seceding; and they warred as such in resisting coercion. And, in each case, they respectively exercised that right of command over the citizens which results from the social compact, binding each to obey the collective will; and which is sovereignty itself. On the other hand, the federal functionaries were fighting to enforce an ordinance which the state had originally ordained, but had repealed, and made it treasonable to obey, namely, the ordinance of ratification, which, as to the said state and her citizens, gave to the said Constitution, and the resultant government, their only possible validity and warrant.

#### THE ONLY BASIS OF COERCION.

To coerce a state is unconstitutional; but it is equally true that the precedent of coercing states is established, and that it is defensible under the law of nations. If this be correct, all will agree that such *ultima ratio* should be placed at once on its own ground, and its limits defined, so that our Constitution may be vindicated and held sacred in the future, and the conscience of the people of the victorious states be relieved of the charge of violating the "supreme law of the land," in coercing the states that ordained it and killing their people for defending them; for nothing can more demoralize, and finally demonize, the people, individually and collectively, than the consciousness of having committed such crimes, the determined enjoyment of the fruits thereof, and the constant making of false excuses to their consciences and to the world.

Where the Constitution does not provide a treaty stipulation, or conventional rule, by which to settle a question arising among or between our states, the law of nations is to be resorted to, for the Constitution only displaces such law *pro tanto*. This law would, if the federal compact were annulled, at once govern all questions among our states, just as it now does those arising among the states of Europe. The truth is, the purpose of the federal compact was the settlement of such international questions as it provides for and closes, such questions having been, as long as they were open and debatable, international ones. And it may be well to observe here, that the word "states," used in the Constitution to designate the contracting powers that ratify and make it, is used in juxtaposition with, and has the identical meaning of, the word "states" that signifies the powers of Europe (see Art. III., sec. 2; Art. XI., amendments); and it is absurd to suppose that Massachusetts, New York, or Virginia, in making a Constitution of government, deprived herself of statehood or nationality, when she merely declared her *will*, which remained in her, and expired no portion of her own being, and when her name, description, and essentials were, after associating, entirely unchanged: neither the Constitution nor history warrants the restricted meaning vulgarly given in our country to the word "states." Accurately speaking, it was nations or states that federated, and thereby formed our "community of communities," or "republic of republics."

In seceding, the Southern commonwealths exercised an indisputable right, though they acted with impolicy, and erred in ignoring the operation of international law. In higher politics—those of nations in their dealings with one another—acts become precedents, and make rules of law. So, in the case before us, the successful coercion of states made a precedent and established a law. As secession affected the interest of the adhering states, questions arose for them to consider; and, treating the matter as one *in foro conscientia*, they could cogently reason that the case of a seceding state, to make her secession justifiable under the *jus gentium*, should contain the same ingredient that makes a homicide one of self-defence—the previous "retreat to the wall."

The Southern commonwealths were really fighting for constitutional liberty, which, under the circumstances, they thought seriously imperilled, and likely to be preserved by secession. Earl Russell's assertion was true, that "the South fought for independence, the North for empire." The wish of the former for con-



stitutional liberty and independence was manifested by their adopting the federal Constitution, with scarcely a change. Secession was justifiable if there was no other mode of self-preservation, or remedy for wrongs; for self-preservation was the first law of nature to states as well as persons. But they had not properly come to this last resort, as we shall see, by noting the unpleaded pleas of the states that remained united—pleas under the *jus gentium*.

1st. They had the right to assume that Providence intended, as our fathers did, that all the territory between British America and Mexico should be under one political system, and they had a right (not under the Constitution, which the states voluntarily made, and could voluntarily abandon, but) under the *jus gentium* to prevent or to cure disruption.

2d. They had the right to object to the establishment of a contiguous foreign state or federation, with its necessary rivalry, and antagonistic interests and policy, and the inevitable and ever-recurring international troubles.

3d. They could complain that, in spite of constitutional engagements, as well as in disregard of the respect due to the fathers, secession should be resorted to before exhausting all the remedies contemplated and provided for in the Constitution, or arising out of the circumstances; especially as Congress, the Supreme Court, and a numerical majority of about 1,000,000 popular votes were on the side of conservatism against a weak President, and could make the remedies efficient. This alone was justification enough under the *jus gentium* for the adhering states to coerce back the seceding ones.

And other pleas might have been made—as to the territory occupied by the new states, as to forts, armaments, public property, etc., as well as the federal debt. In all these cases precision of pleading, and absolute sufficiency, were unnecessary for states to judge for themselves, in the last resort, as to subjects of complaint and cases of war; and our states in their federal Constitution provided no mode of settlement, or tribunal for such matters, so that the law of nations was the only resort for rules of action.

And here it is well to observe that while the seceding states acted with impolicy, and were wrong in the respects and to the degree mentioned, the coercing ones were gravely to blame for the original causes of the trouble—for constant and manifold aggressions and acts of injustice; and, finally, for their non-conciliatory and uncompromising spirit, and their disinclination to resort to diplomatic expedients under the law of nations to avoid so awful a recourse as war, which, if it can be avoided with honor and integrity, is a most heinous crime. And, moreover, a party demanding justice before any tribunal must himself have sought to do justice.

#### OUR SYSTEM AS THUS MODIFIED.

The precedent, then, may be considered as established (not in the constitutional, but) in the international part of our law and politics, that all other means of getting justice and preserving self-government and statehood must be exhausted before secession is allowable. But it is as republics that states are to be held in, or coerced back to, the Union; for the great end always in view is the preservation of constitutional liberty as established in the states, under the guidance of the fathers; and this necessitates absolute self-government of the people as organized.

These, then, may be considered as the cardinal principles of our system as it stands at present: 1. We have states self-associated for their self-protection and self-government. 2. Their *status* is that of sovereign political bodies, known to the law of nations and described in the Constitution as states. 3. Being republics or self-governing peoples, they must, according to the law of their nature, govern themselves, not in any qualified sense but absolutely. 4. Their governments, state and federal, are agencies and subordinate to them. 5. The federal agency has the joint authority of the states to govern their citizens within certain limits, and wield the coercive means entrusted to it; but there is but one rule of duty for it, *i. e.*, the Constitution, which each member of the agency is sworn strictly to observe, and which cannot be disregarded without perjured usurpation. 6. The states must remain in the Union till the last remedy the Constitution affords against injustice and loss of self-government and statehood has been resorted to. 7. When constitutional means are exhausted, or show themselves to be vain, any means of self-preservation is justifiable to a state, for it is according to the first law of nature. 8. If secession be the remedy a state finally determines on, it affords the occasion for diplomacy or war, as among other nations.

#### TWO IMPORTANT IDEAS.

1. Suppose given states, then, to have gone through the forms of secession: the adhering ones, without denying either the fact or the right of secession, may, for the sake of the argument (*i. e.*, the *ultima ratio*), concede that the former are out of the Union, proceed to fight them as foreign states amenable to the *jus gentium*, and enforce their return to the Union; while, on the other hand, the coerced states cannot invoke as a protection against such coercion the Constitution they have abandoned.

2. Upon such basis the coercion of states is not inconsistent with the federal compact. But the states victorious in the recent war claimed that the acts of secession were null; and that they resorted to constitutional coercion. By these pleas they simply convicted themselves of warring upon states in the Union, of violating the Constitution, and of causing flagrant usurpation and perjury on the part of their rulers. Nay, more, they have done the infinite mischief of making these high crimes precedents for the future; of justifying pleas of necessity for arbitrary acts—the very things constitutions were established to prevent—of introducing and vindicating unlimited discretion and regal prerogatives in the federal agency; and, finally, of showing the states that, if aggrieved, their only alternatives are *submission or war*. Such were not the ideas of the fathers.

As to the right of secession, it will hereafter be shown, by authorities that no one will venture to gainsay, that it is (not constitutional, but) inherent and inalienable; that it is absolutely essential to, and *pro tanto* identical with, freedom; and that it was taken for granted, or expressly stated by the fathers as indispensable to preserve statehood and liberty. It is, indeed, a right as absolute and indestructible as the state itself. Without it sovereignty cannot exist, and there can be no self-preservation of the original and only constituents of our "republic of republics."\*

\* Every American ought to read *Is Davis a Traitor?* by Professor Bledsoe. Most conclusively does it vindicate the right of secession; and it forms the best criticism ever written of the constitutional expositions of Story and Webster.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### SOME LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: The astute and critical editor of the *Round Table* has been to see the Davenport Brothers, and is perplexed. "It is easy to say," he writes, "that this is humbug and charlatany, but who will explain it? We shall be very glad to receive and to publish anything that may throw any real light on what is assuredly one of the most remarkable curiosities of the day." If he is willing to take illumination from the experience of another, he may find some light thrown on a very dark subject by this communication.

In 18—, I was pastor of a leading Congregational church in the West. The community was overrun with spiritualism. We usually enjoyed the presence of a travelling apostle as often as once a quarter. Several leading citizens were among the faithful. Several more were investigators. In my own congregation were a number who were in the mental condition of the editor of the *Round Table*—perplexed but sceptical. I desired to know what it was that perplexed them, and held it my privilege to acquire my knowledge by personal examination. I did not expect to solve the mystery, but I determined to see it. I went, therefore, to the house of a leading spiritualist, introduced myself, and informed him of my desire. I told him very frankly that I had no curiosity to see a public exhibition. Hermann, the prestidigitateur, would show me greater mysteries at a less price. But if he would introduce me to a private *séance*, I would like to attend. He promised to do so. Under his guidance I attended three *séances*. To confine myself in newspaper limits, I will speak of but one. It was by far the most remarkable of the three. Mr. Fay was the medium.

The *séance* was held in the private parlors of a gentleman's house, at night. When I arrived I found most of the guests there before me. There were perhaps thirty in all. A few were, like myself, investigators. The rest were unmistakable spiritualists. After the introductions of the evening had taken place, we were all invited into a sitting-room, and allotted seats in compact rows. In front of us sat Mr. Fay, a little card-table at his side. The arrangement of the room was so far much the same as would have been made for a social prayer-meeting. All the lights were then extinguished but one. The blinds to the windows were closed, the curtains drawn, and, as if that were not enough to exclude the glimmering light from the street and the stars, quilts were tacked to the window. The least gleam of light prevents the spirits from operating. On the table were a guitar, a bell, an old rope. These were Mr. Fay's bible and hymn-book. Mr. Fay then called for a committee to tie him to his chair. It was done, apparently very firmly. His hands were bound by the wrists, one to each side of his chair. We were then directed to take hold of hands, to make the circle complete. We were directed to sing; some one struck up *Auld Lang Syne*, and we all joined. The singing of the *séance* is wholly congregational. This singing was kept up throughout the entire performances. Ever and anon, when the spirits had an unusually perplexing problem to solve, Mr. Fay shouted, "Louder! louder!" The initiated then brought voices into requisition which would have been the envy of a camp-meeting leader in the noisiest of Western revivals. Finally, the last light was extinguished, and we were left in utter darkness. Thus, the first condition of our examination was, that we should be bereft of our senses. We could not feel—we must keep hold of hands to maintain the circle; nor hear—we must drown the noise of the spirits with our voices; nor see—no glimmer of light was permitted to enter the darkened room. Our nostrils alone were left us. Shall I confess it? From that moment I was not an unprejudiced observer. I set down as unmistakable "humbug and charlatany" the revelation that so borrowed under ground as did this. In a few minutes our music became less obstreperous; we could distinctly hear the guitar thrummed upon in a disjointed way that did no credit to the musical education of the spirit who was performing. Some of the enthusiasts distinctly heard it sailing over their heads in various parts of the room. I as distinctly heard it confining itself to a radius of six feet about the head of Mr. Fay. Such is the difference between faith and scepticism. Presently the music ceased. Another spirit—or the same one—took to ringing the bell. Then, after a few minutes more of silence—save our singing, which grew unconsciously louder again—Mr. Fay called for a light. He was found tied firmly to the chair as before. A little later in the evening he was tied by the spirits, having been left unbound for that purpose. After five minutes of darkness he was discovered, his wrists firmly bound together. It was difficult to see how this could be done without an accomplice. I noticed, however, that everything was wrought more easily and quickly when he was tied by the spirits than when he was tied by human hands.

The most remarkable performance of the evening I find it difficult to describe without the aid of an artist. Two gentlemen were selected from the circle to participate in it. Of them I had the honor to be one. With the medium we took our seats at the card-table, the medium on my right, the other member of the committee on my left. I then put a hand on each of their heads; they each clasped my arm above the elbow with their two hands, one above the other. It will be perceived that neither of us could move and not have the motion recognized by the other. The lights were put out. I heard the guitar lifted from the table; it was moved and thrummed on as before, then gently tapped upon my head, then laid down again. Lights were called for. We were interlaced as before. I was quite as much mystified as is the editor of the *Round Table*, and as frankly confessed it. So the *séance* broke up. I was more than ever convinced that this circle, at least, was "humbug and charlatany." I frankly acknowledge my inability to explain it.

Six months or more passed away; then a new medium came to town, Mr. Van Vleck. He was trumpeted far and near as surpassing all his predecessors. He would not only allow himself to be tied, but to be handcuffed. Some account of his remarkable experiments crept into the newspapers. If I mistake not, the editor was among the investigators. As for me, my scepticism disturbed the harmony of the spirit circles. I received no more invitations to *séances*. I bore the deprivation with fortitude, not to say equanimity. In truth, I had seen enough. Some other sceptics, more fortunate than myself, employed in their investigations an instrument I did not possess. They offered Mr. Van Vleck more money to expose the humbug than he could hope to make by continuing

it. He consented. He delivered three lectures, in which he undertook to explain dark circles, table-tipping, spirit-rapping, and clairvoyant writing. I only heard one lecture. I write only of what I saw and heard myself.

The hall, the largest in the city, was crowded. The spiritualists were present in full force. They occupied front seats. The lecturer had a bitterly hostile jury to convince. Back of him was a drawing-room scene from a cheap local theatre. It contained in the centre folding doors. A table stood at the lecturer's side. On it were a drum, tambourine, guitar, and bell. A committee of two was appointed by the audience to supervise all the experiments. It consisted of an ex-congressman, an active member of the Methodist Church, whose reputation is national, and whose integrity is above the possibility of suspicion; and of the editor of our local paper, a member of my own congregation, and well known by reason of his position in the community. The medium was then firmly bound to his chair, if I remember right, by the committee; they, at all events, examined the knots. Each wrist was fastened to the round of the chair at the side. Thus bound, he was lifted up, carried through the folding doors, and placed on the other side of the screen. The table with the musical instruments was placed at his side. The doors were then shut. In an incredibly short space of time, the drum was sounding, the bell ringing, the guitar was thrummed, the tambourine beaten. The music was of that hideous order, or rather *dis-order*, which characterizes the spirits, who certainly do not possess the musical talent which imagination usually attributes to the residents of the celestial spheres. The music stopped, the doors were opened, the medium was bound as firmly as ever. He then disclosed the secret of the mystery. The medium always furnishes his own rope. He is tied by a committee, usually of literary, political, or scientific gentlemen. No one of them can bind the wrist so firmly that an adept cannot loosen the knot with his third and little finger sufficiently to draw out his hand. He proceeded to afford us ocular demonstration of the fact. "It is true," he said, "a sheriff can bind me so that I cannot unbind myself. But it is not by sheriffs that the knot is customarily tied. If it should be, the spirits would refuse to come. The conditions would prove unfavorable." A second time he was carried behind the screen, this time unbound. The spirits tied him as they had tied Mr. Fay. I examined the knot myself. I am not an adept in knots. It had, however, the same appearance. The spirits then tied him before our eyes. They operated wholly through his muscles. After tying the rope firmly to the chair, and making a noose—not a running one, however—in the rope, he inserted his hands in this noose, then by a sudden and dexterous twist gave them the appearance of being firmly bound together, while in fact he withdrew them and inserted them with the greatest ease. He called for manacles. The sheriff brought them from the county jail. They locked with a spring. He knocked them with a sharp blow on the iron pillars that supported the roof. They sprang apart, and out dropped the manacled hand. "Every jail-bird knows that trick," he said. I hope our police have different manacles from those of the Indiana sheriffs. He repeated the trick which, as performed by Mr. Fay, had been my greatest perplexity. The editor sat at the side of the table. The ex-congressman occupied one side, Mr. Van Vleck the other. The editor's hands were placed one on the head of each of his companions. His arms were firmly grasped by the ex-congressman on the one side, by the medium on the other.

"Now, Mr. Editor," said the medium, "that you may be in the same condition in which you would be if you were in a dark circle, please close your eyes, and keep them closed till the end of the experiment."

He did so. The medium quietly took off one hand, took up the guitar, thrummed on it with one finger in true spiritual fashion, tapped him gently on the head, then replaced the guitar on the table and his hand on the editor's arm.

MEDIUM. "Now, sir, open your eyes. Did I move?"

EDITOR (very seriously, but to the great astonishment of the audience, who had seen the whole performance). "No sir, not at all."

The grasp of the upper hand deadens the nerve. The lower hand can be removed and replaced at will, and the movement is not recognized. One of the members of my church, a young man, acquired the grip, and repeated the trick on half a dozen customers in his store the next day, much to their astonishment. And so the greatest mystery in this "humbug and charlatany" was explained.

I do not pretend to explain all so-called spiritual phenomena. There are certain apparently well-authenticated cases of table-tipping and clairvoyant writing difficult if not impossible to interpret on any theory of fraud. But the lecture of Mr. V. convinced me, of what I confess I was substantially convinced of before, that nine-tenths of spiritualism is a trick; that in these so-called phenomena there is so much alloy of humbug and so little grain of truth that it does not pay for mining; and that, as a class, the travelling mediums, whether they exhibit in halls at twenty-five cents a head or in private parlors at a dollar, are lineal descendants of the gipsies and fortune-tellers of the last century, and entitled to the same measure of respect and consideration. The question may be asked, Why does not Mr. V. repeat his exposé in other towns and among other communities? Simply because credulity pays better than scepticism, and the mountebank apostles of this new delusion are too shrewd to kill, for a present advantage, the goose that lays for them so many golden eggs.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

#### AMERICAN COPYRIGHTS IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: As the author of the Breitmann ballads has thought proper to censure me in the pages of our London *Athenaeum* for bringing out an English edition of his poems when one already existed here, I take the liberty of sending you a copy of my reply to that journal, which I shall be glad if you will insert together with this note in your columns. I would not ask this favor but that I think the question involved of sufficient general interest to merit the attention of your readers.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN.

74 and 75 PICCADILLY WEST, London, April 24, 1869.

To the Editor of the *Athenaeum*:

SIR: You have published in your journal of this week a letter signed Charles Godfrey Leland, in which my character is attacked, my conduct misrepresented, and the propriety of my being "promptly hung or shot by a committee of intelli-

gent citizens" delicately hinted at. I trust, therefore, you will not think it unreasonable if I ask you to insert a few lines in reply.

It is not true that I wrote to Mr. Leland "offering to pay him to give me the publication of the Breitmann poems," or recognizing in him "a right to select his London republisher." On the contrary, I have always held the view that an alien author, in the absence of any copyright convention, has no claim in good morals—as he certainly has none in law—to anything more than the right to stamp with his approval a particular edition. What I did was simply to offer, some months ago, to pay Mr. Leland if he would collect his ballads for me and make an enlarged edition.

Mr. Leland complains that I have "rendered it impossible for the author of the Breitmann ballads to receive any benefit from the sale." I reply that he has no right to any benefit from the sale of his work in this country beyond what he may obtain for early sheets or for the prestige attaching to the "author's own edition." The question of international copyright was very fully debated at the time of the passing of the Copyright Convention act, in a parliament in which authors were well represented; but considerations of public policy determined the legislature not to grant any such rights as Mr. Leland claims, except under certain conditions which do not exist in this case. The law, in fact, has placed his work in the same position as an English book of which the copyright has expired. The presumption of a moral right is, therefore, in my favor; and I deny the right of Mr. Leland or any other person to call on me to supplement alleged shortcomings of the legislature by forbearing to exercise a power thus deliberately conferred on me in common with every other publisher. Mr. Leland, I observe, admits that his supplying Mr. Trübner with certain alterations and additions was a device to secure copyright in the whole. If he be really desirous of being presented to English readers with these alterations and additions, I will, with his permission, very gladly insert them. But it is evident that he is really desirous of something more. What he wants, in fact, is not merely to secure a preference for the "authorized edition"—which he could easily do by publishing it at a price that would defy competition—but to obtain a profitable copyright by suggesting what he calls "rough justice" against those who interfere with him. To this I reply again, that he has no property in his work here of a kind which would yield author's profits, and that our legislature has declared that he shall have none until his country agrees to put the international copyright question on an equitable and satisfactory footing.

But the shifts and contrivances for giving an appearance of an English copyright have placed Mr. Leland and those concerned with him in this awkward position: either the "revised and enlarged edition containing all his new ballads," which he has just issued in his own country, is a deception, or the so-called "revised edition," issued here by Mr. Trübner, deserves to be characterized by no milder term; for they are dissimilar in many respects, and it is surely a new thing in authorship for a man to edit the same work in two different ways and declare, as occasion may suit his purposes, that first the one and then the other edition is the veritable Simon Pure. Believing that a man is more likely to play tricks with strangers than with his own countrymen, I have printed my edition of the Breitmann ballads from the latest American edition, "containing all Mr. Leland's recent ballads," and "duly entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Charles G. Leland, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania."

Both as an author and as a publisher I rejoice to see that "unauthorized editions" have reminded Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, of the necessity for a "well-considered international copyright law;" for English authors may be assured that as long as a vague claim to monopoly by "courtesies of the trade" can be set up on the pretext of a trifle paid for early sheets, so long American publishers will never be other than lukewarm on this question.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN.

74 and 75 PICCADILLY W., April 24, 1869.

## SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

### HOME AFFAIRS.

FRANK E. CHENEY, a boy of fifteen, residing at North Andover, Mass., shot himself through the head on the 3d inst., because his father insisted upon his attending school and apologizing to the teacher for truancy.—In a riot at Brownsville, Tenn., on the 2d, one white man and two negroes were killed, and several others seriously wounded.—Three men in New York attempted the other day to carry off one of the money-wagons of the American Express Company, by knocking down the messenger in charge and driving away with the vehicle. An eye-witness, however, seized the horse's head, and the rogues decamped.—On the 3d, a negro, Joseph Holmes, was shot in Richmond, Va., by John Marshall, son of Judge Marshall, of whose family Holmes was formerly a body servant.—John Dorsey, a returned convict, killed his wife at Williamsburg, Mass., on the 1st inst., by beating out her brains with a club.—In Worcester, Mass., on the 3d, Benjamin Drake was arrested, charged with obtaining \$12,500 from a bank in Ohio by a forged check.—Five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds were stolen from the jewelry store of Giles Brothers, Chicago, on the 4th.—An old German pedlar, well educated and of a philosophical turn of mind, committed suicide in Chicago the other day, because "life had lost its charms, and his soul its vitality."—Five seamen were landed at New York on the 5th, sent home by the American consul at Batavia, charged with the murder of the third mate of the whaling bark *Java*, of New Bedford, in the Straits of Flores.—An old shoemaker named Horace Eddo, residing at Stuyvesant Falls, N. Y., committed suicide on the 5th, by jumping from the bridge at that place. The distance leaped was nearly sixty feet, and he struck upon rough, craggy rocks, breaking his neck and mangling his body in a horrible manner, and causing instant death.—At Red Hook, on the Hudson, N. Y., four houses were recently entered by burglars, chloroform administered to the occupants, and silverware, clothing, and a large sum in greenbacks stolen.—No clue has yet been found to the murderer of Gilbert H. Robinson, at Rye Neck.—E. Avermann, a St. Louis notary, committed suicide on the 6th, by taking morphine; pecuniary embarrassments and dissipation the alleged cause.—Dr. Richard P. Jones, agent of French's circus, committed suicide at Buffalo on



the 6th, by drinking an ounce of laudanum.—A passenger on a New York street-car had his pocket picked on the 6th of \$2,260 in cash, and a handsome gold watch and chain.—A laborer in the Central Park, New York, laboring under some extraordinary aberration of mind, charged the Commissioners with an attempt to poison him, by placing a white powder, which he supposed to be strychnine, upon his dinner.—Brooks, the escaped Brodhead murderer, was recently captured, but by plunging thirty feet down an embankment again succeeded in getting away.—An attempt was made to shoot a Cincinnati policeman on the 7th, by Matt. McCarty, a desperado. McCarty was severely handled by the officer, who, with the aid of two bystanders, succeeded in taking him to the station-house.

A Presbyterian church at Rochester, N. Y., was partially destroyed by fire on the 2d. Damage nearly \$10,000.—The suits instituted in the Superior Court of Baltimore city, to recover the policies on Barnum's Museum, New York, have been decided in favor of the plaintiff.—William C. Ross, chief assistant engineer of the Baltimore city fire department, died on the 4th of injuries received at a fire, April 17th, when by the falling of a wall he was impaled on an iron railing.—Pilkinton & Co's tobacco factory, Richmond, Va., valued at \$50,000, was burnt down on the 4th inst.—An extensive fire broke out in Reade Street, New York, on the evening of the 7th, and destroyed property worth \$150,000.—Mann's printing-office, Philadelphia, was burned down on the 6th; loss \$50,000.

A freight train broke through a bridge near Secor, Ill., on the 3d, killing the engineer and severely injuring the fireman.—At Paris, Ky., on the 28th ult., James Madigan, the circus rider, broke his neck while attempting to throw a double somersault.—In a thunder-storm at Chicago, on the 5th, a little girl, aged 13, was killed by lightning. A woman was similarly killed in the same storm at Indianapolis.—The verdict of the jury on the Long Island Railroad accident attributes the catastrophe to a defective rail, and holds the company responsible for neglect.—A boiler exploded in a planing mill at Chicago, on the 5th, blowing the mill to atoms, and injuring severely the workmen on the premises.—A locomotive on the Hudson, and Boston Railroad exploded on the 9th, from a defective fire-box. No lives lost.

An employee of the Davenport Brothers, styling himself the Rev. Elisha F. Minier, was recently charged at Boston with embezzling \$150, the proceeds of a dark séance. When arrested, he declared that the whole establishment, Davenport and all, belonged to him, and he proposed to run it until he had raised ten millions of dollars, which he declared his intention of devoting to the publication of forty-eight thousand pages of manuscript, that he had been ordered to write on the subject of the birth of Christ, whose near kinsman he was. Minier was very indignant toward the Davenport Brothers for their attempt to regain the \$150, and talked to them only as an insane person could. He has for some time carried with him a huge dirk-knife, because, as he said, the spirits had told him some one was going to take his life. His arrest, he contended, was part of a plot looking to that end. Medical evidence having been given to prove his insanity, he was taken to the asylum at Taunton; not, however, until he had promised to visit Boston with a big earthquake and shake it all to pieces.

A severe hail-storm passed over Illinois on the 6th. The telegram says: The hail-stones measured from one to two and a half inches in diameter, and not a few were as large as a man's fist; the ground was covered in some places two feet deep. Fruit has been almost entirely destroyed. Strawberries were just beginning to ripen, with excellent prospects, but now there will not be half a crop. Nearly all the peaches were knocked off the trees. How far the storm extended is unknown.

The last rail of the Pacific Railroad was laid on May 10, by ex-Governor Stanford, of California, president of the Central Pacific Railway Company. The last tie was of polished Californian laurel, tipped with silver, and the last spike of Californian gold, worth \$200, and suitably inscribed. The final ceremonies at Promontory Summit were interesting; great rejoicings took place in the large cities, both east and west.—Mr. Durant, vice-president and contractor of the Union Pacific Road, with other gentlemen, was stopped on the 6th, at Piedmont Station, by a gang of 300 road hands, all armed and determined to detain the party till their wages were paid.

Senator Sprague and George Francis Train addressed a large temperance meeting at the Cooper Institute, New York, on the 6th. In addition to the total abstinence movement the latter gentleman discoursed on Turkish baths, the Pacific Railroad, Omaha City lots, the art of breaking open safes, James Fisk, Jr., Brigham Young, Henry Ward Beecher, and other irrelevant topics.

The Massachusetts Prohibitory Liquor bill has been rejected by the Senate, the opposition being composed of those who favor a stringent license law, and ultra-prohibitionists, who object to concessions made in the defeated bill.

At San Francisco, August Siegrist rode a velocipede over a one-inch wire rope across the lake in the City Gardens, at an elevation of twenty feet. On the first trial he fell into the water, but the second time he accomplished the feat.

Cold northerly winds have almost entirely driven the shad from the Hudson this spring, and the fishing is consequently dull.

The Pennsylvania miners' strike is postponed. Notice had been given that no more coal would be cut or loaded after the 8th inst.

Troubles have broken out in Kansas between the settlers on the Jay Joy Purchase and the surveyors of the Fort Scott Railroad.

#### FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

TOUCHING the late Fenian demonstration at Cork, the Attorney-General for Ireland has brought in a bill in the House of Commons to disable the mayor of that city from acting as a magistrate. Several members deprecated the policy of the government, and Mr. Disraeli thought the release of the Fenian prisoners had been imprudent. The government intimated that the mayor and his friends would have every facility for defending themselves, and that care would be taken not to give grounds for complaint of injustice in the management of Irish affairs.—In the consideration of the Irish Church bill, the clauses relating to Maynooth were adopted as originally introduced. The bill has passed through committee.—Instructions have been sent to the British minister at Madrid in regard to the seizure of the *Mary Lowell*, but the foreign secretary has declined to lay them before Parliament.—The press still comments on Senator Sumner's speech on

the *Alabama* claims. The *Times* accuses him of extravagant misrepresentations, and assures Americans that the policy he foreshadowed will prove a failure. The *Telegraph* promises that England will give an attentive ear to reasonable propositions, but will not listen to novel pretensions.—Lord Chief-Justice Lefroy died on the 4th inst., at the advanced age of 93.—The spring meeting on the Roodee took place last week. The principal race—the Tradesmen's Plate, popularly known as the Chester Cup—was won by *Knight of the Garter*.—Increased powers are to be given the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for the repression of outrages.

Political matters in Cuba are reported by Rear-Admiral Hoff, under date of April 27, as exceedingly quiet, and there have been no recent successes on either side, though the Havana papers publish accounts of several engagements between the troops under Count Valmaseda and the Cuban forces, in which the former were invariably successful.—A large expedition, consisting of a steamer and several sailing vessels, supposed to have sailed from Yucatan, recently attempted to land men and arms near Perair del Rio.—A republican constitution for the island has been drawn up, based upon the assumption that the Cubans will achieve their independence and seek annexation to the United States.—Active movements in aid of the revolutionists have been on foot in New York during the week, and one or more steamers sailed with men, arms, and ammunition, to aid the patriots. General Dulce proclaims the rebellion virtually at an end. The Cuban army is reported to number 25,000 men, many of them Americans.

The Spanish journals maintain that the capture of the *Mary Lowell* was legal, and deny that the British government has made any demand for the restitution of the vessel.—A Carlist conspiracy has been discovered in Barcelona. Many army officers are implicated, and important papers have been seized.—The constituent Cortes has passed the article of the constitution guaranteeing liberty of worship, all the amendments having been rejected.—A directory is proposed of Serrano, Rivero, and Olozaga, with Prim as president and minister of war. The national finances are unsatisfactory, the estimated expenditures exceeding the receipts by twelve million reals.—General Prim has pronounced as utterly base the rumors that he meditated an attack against the liberal régime.

The subject of licenses to Americans fishing in Canadian waters was discussed in the Canadian House of Commons on the 4th. Members from the maritime provinces thought a firmer policy should be adopted toward the States to meet the exactions and restrictions on Canadian trade, and Mr. Auglin, from Nova Scotia, advocated the total exclusion of foreign fishermen from the fishing grounds.—A large number of discharged English dock laborers arrived at Quebec in H. M. troop-ship *Crocodile* on the 6th.—Chaloner, who shot Ensign Whittaker, the seducer of his sister, has been acquitted.—In his speech on the budget, the finance minister remarked on the reciprocity treaty between the Dominion and the States: "In entering upon negotiations for the renewal of this treaty, we ought to let it be unmistakably understood that much as we desire, on national and commercial grounds, less restricted intercourse with the United States, we are not prepared to give up our national existence for it. We must, then, be equals considering what is to be the material advantage of both countries, and for the promotion of free and kindly intercourse. There should be a distinct enunciation of opinion in this country, that no matter how much they may prevent intercourse with them, we are not disposed to pay the price for that intercourse by giving up our associations or our national existence."

The Italian ministers have resigned and a new cabinet been formed, with General Menabrea as president, and Minghetti as foreign minister.—An attempt by piling stones on the rails was recently made to upset the special train in which the King was travelling to Naples, but was discovered and frustrated.

The revolutionists are gaining ground in South Hayti. Baez has been defeated in a pitched battle, and the blockade of Aux Cayes raised.—Counterfeit notes of the Haytian government to the amount of \$800,000 have been printed in New York, and largely circulated in the island.

The Geographical Society of France has decreed a gold medal to Dr. Hayes, of this country, for his eminent services in arctic exploration. The medal will be transmitted through General Dix. In a recent speech the Emperor has invited men of all parties to aid in advancing the cause of liberal progress.

The King of the Sandwich Islands has had a narrow escape from being killed by the falling of a cocoa-nut while walking in a grove at his country seat.—Rumors of a coolie conspiracy have created some excitement at Honolulu.

Prince Menschikoff, the great diplomat and statesman, and the commander of the Russian army during the Crimean war, died at St. Petersburg, May 3, at the age of 80.

General dissatisfaction exists throughout Mexico, and a revolution has broken out in Guerrero.

The Sultan has pardoned the Cretan chieftains. His speech on the Moham-medan new-year was very pacificatory in its reference to Greece.

#### REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in the ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

#### CYCLOPÆDIAS.\*

TO us whose happy or unhappy lot it is to live in this busy, feverish nineteenth century, it is a matter of wondering surprise how, in the good old days of which poets are so fond of singing, our forefathers managed to exist without those "modern improvements" now deemed so essential. We say exist, for this is all they could have done; as to getting along, seeing the world and thoroughly enjoying themselves, such things were impossibilities. Fifty years ago there were no railroads, no ocean steamers, no floating river-palaces, no electric telegraphs, no photographs, no gas, no bicycles. How could people talk of enjoyment, or pleasure, or happiness, or comfort, under such deprivations? What would, for example, breakfast be worth without the morning paper? And how could this be other than mythical to ninety-nine hundredths of the human race before the steam-horse and the iron rail laid the damp sheets at every man's door while the dew was yet wet on the grass? Travelling, in the modern accep-

\* The New American Cyclopædia: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. New York: D. Appleton & Co. London: 16 Little Britain. 1869.

tation of the phrase, must have been altogether unknown. Boston was then farther from New York than New York is to-day from San Francisco. A journey of a hundred miles was a serious undertaking, not to be ventured upon unless a man had duly left behind him his last will and testament, in anticipation of the extreme unlikelihood of escaping the perils by land and sea he was about to face. Here and there a few restless spirits got glimpses outside of the little sphere in which most people played their insignificant parts; but for the bulk of mankind the beauties of nature, the distant monuments of civilization, were sealed books. Thanks to science, we have now changed all that. The "long tongue," as the Indians on the plains name the telegraph, has enabled us to hold dear converse thousands of miles apart; the steamboat and the rail offer us facilities for becoming intimately acquainted with the world we live in, and place within our reach the choicest products of the tropics in all their beauty and freshness. Only to recapitulate the immense strides that the world has made in material advancement since the current century dawned upon us would astonish those who regard the trophies of science as ordinary every-day matters of fact.

But this ceaseless activity, this rapid development, is as evident in the literary as in the scientific world. Never were books so numerous, never were writers so plentiful, never were newspapers so abundant and powerful, as now. Hurried and worried as we are with business cares and the desire to accumulate wealth, we yet find time for extensive reading; and though much, perhaps most, of it is ephemeral, there is still a leavening residuum leaving behind it its mark for good and helping on our intellectual progress.

It has been well observed that, while reading adds to our stores of information and conversation makes a man ready and apt in the use of them, it is only by writing that we can become exact. Mere reading leaves superficial and inaccurate impressions, while the patient and often laborious task of reproducing in writing the thoughts of an author or the facts of history firmly engraves them upon the treacherous memory.

Few, however, have the time, and fewer still the inclination, to adopt this process; hence the value of works which cull from the great garner of literature just those salient points which are most important to be remembered, and present them in a shape pithy, lucid, and easy of reference. This is precisely the office of the cyclopædia. From an interesting article in the work before us on the origin and development of these indispensable adjuncts of every well-furnished library, we make a few extracts, partly as an illustration of style, and partly to show some of the various stages through which the cyclopædia has passed before reaching its present condition. Of its origin we are told:

"Cyclopædia or encyclopædia (κυκλος, a circle, and παιδεία, education), originally the cycle of the seven liberal arts and sciences, which constituted with the ancients the course of education for the higher classes of citizens, namely, grammar, arithmetic, geometry, music, astronomy, dialectics, and rhetoric. Thus Quintilian mentions it as the orb or full circle of learning. Orbis illa doctrinæ quam Græci εγκυκλιον παιδείαν vocant. It commonly designates a summary of human knowledge either in one or in all departments, arranged either systematically according to the logical connection of topics, or lexicographically according to the alphabetical succession of terms; and is therefore distinguished as either general or special, systematic or alphabetical."

Touching old cyclopædias we read:

"Speusippus, the nephew and disciple of Plato, is usually accounted to have written the first cyclopædia work, . . . which has not been preserved. The works of Aristotle on the sciences, the lost books of Varro, and the *Historia Naturalis* of Pliny, approached the character of cyclopædias. The latter is a vast compilation, treating, as Pliny says in his preface, of 20,000 matters of importance, drawn from about 2,000 volumes. Astronomy, mathematics, natural philosophy, botany, mineralogy, medical science, arts, agriculture, all came within the compass of his researches. . . . Cyclopædias were not uncommon in the middle ages, under the title of *Summa* and *Specula*. One of the most celebrated of these is the *Speculum Historiale, Naturale et Doctrinale*, by the indefatigable Dominican, Vincent of Beauvais; to which a *Speculum Morale*, by an unknown author, was afterward added. . . . Of mediæval particular cyclopædias, or complete treatises on special subjects, the *Summa Theologiae* of Thomas Aquinas is an eminent example."

Passing over other examples of those days, many of which were in German, as the Germans have always shown a singular aptitude for the particular kind of labor and research involved in a good cyclopædia, we come to more modern times and to works published in the English language:

"The first English cyclopædia was the *Lexicon Technicum*; or, *An Universal Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences*, by John Harris (2 vols., London: 1706-10). It explained both the terms of art and the arts themselves; but though professing to be universal, it was, in fact, limited almost exclusively to the mathematical and the physical sciences, and hence was far from fulfilling its intended purpose. The *Cyclopædia of Ephraim Chambers* (2 large fol. vols., London, 1728) was also termed a general dictionary of the arts and sciences, and was the first work in which knowledge was subdivided under appropriate heads, which were placed in alphabetical order, and treated so as to exhibit at the same time a complete account of the various branches and of their connections and dependencies. . . . This work of Chambers's must be regarded as the production of a mind of superior compass and vigor, and as the fruit of remarkable research and diligence. Five editions of it were published within eighteen years; while upon the continent of Europe it produced no less effect than in England. It was translated into French and Italian, and its plan was highly applauded in the preliminary discourse of the great French *Encyclopédie*. Its success gave rise to a number of similar works; mostly modelled after it."

In 1771 appeared what has since become the best work of its kind in the English language, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. In its plan,

"Instead of attempting to elucidate the sciences by a number of separate articles corresponding to their technical titles or sections, introduced in the order prescribed in the alphabet, it treated each science completely in a systematic form, under its proper denomination; the technical terms and subordinate heads being also explained alphabetically, when any thing more than a reference to the general treatise was required. This plan was prosecuted upon a wider scale, and with more maturity of execution, in the subsequent editions. . . . Enriched as it was by contributions from the most eminent writers and scholars of the day, including the distinguished philosophers of France, Arago and Biot, the work rose rapidly in public favor."

The essay from which we have thus largely quoted also gives a *resumé* of the principal cyclopædias published in Europe, and even in China and Japan. It was not from any lack of such works that the present cyclopædia was undertaken, but rather because they were not adapted to our requirements. With the exception of the *Encyclopædia Americana* none even professed to treat of purely American subjects, though several had additions by American authors and publishers; but all these were fragmentary and unsatisfactory. Till the appearance of the *American Cyclopædia* we had no work at all worthy of national repute, or adapted to the varied wants of our professional men. Now we have no room for complaint. If not faultless—and perfection in a cyclopædia is an impossibility—it will bear favorable comparison generally with its English rivals, and on points purely national it is immeasurably superior to any of its predecessors. The editors, Dr. Ripley, literary editor of the *Tribune*, and Mr. Dana, then managing editor of the same newspaper, but now editor of the *Sun*, were both experienced journalists and *littérateurs*, and to this fact must be partly ascribed that singularly sound judgment which has been displayed in the selection and treatment of the articles. The work, of course, is the product of many hands, but the whole has been so carefully revised and the various proportions so nicely balanced that it would be difficult to detect any material difference in the execution of its several departments. The editors were fortunate in getting for the work exactly the right kind of men, but the skill

and sagacity with which their labors were directed and revised were certainly very remarkable, when we remember that the great work was begun and rapidly pushed forward by men actively engaged in the worry and turmoil of a daily newspaper. Its literary execution is very uniform, the style clear, terse, and free from pedantic affectations. Avoiding the exhaustive treatment of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and the brevity of the mere dictionary, it is yet comprehensive and concise, following that golden mean which in a cyclopædia as in most other things is the wisest policy. On names, dates, figures, and matters of fact generally it is exceptionally accurate and trustworthy. Occasionally in our use of the work we have met with errors, but these have been mainly in figures, which are peculiarly liable to typographical and other vicissitudes, and foreign geographical names, particularly where two names being very much alike, one has been mistaken for the other. Thus, for example, the town of St. Asaph, in North Wales, on the river Clwyd, is said to be on the Clyde, which as everybody knows is in the south of Scotland, the error having obviously originated in the similarity between Clwyd and Clyde. On the whole, however, we can compliment the editors upon the general accuracy of the work. Often execution falls short of conception; here, we can honestly say the original idea has been most successfully carried out. As an epitome of science, art, and literature, it shows extraordinary labor and research; and as a work of reference, it is simply indispensable. Since its publication it has taken, and deservedly, a high rank as a standard authority; and its continued and increasing popularity is but another and perhaps after all the best testimony to its merits that could be given. Typographically the work is very creditable to its enterprising publishers.

#### A WESTERN POETASTER.\*

MR. PIATT belongs to a class of writers who are common enough in this country, where education is as superficial as it is universal, where commonplace cleverness is constantly mistaking itself and being mistaken for phenomenal brilliancy, and where the lack of any acknowledged standards or authorities in criticism subjects our literature to a perfect despotism of mediocrity. The young person of either sex who has acquired sufficient command of English syntax and prosody to set forth in grammatical language, arranged in lines which scan and rhyme, his or her impressions of stars and flowers, of love and beauty, and can procure the same to be printed in the Poet's Corner of the *Harvardian Patriot*, is straightway, to the readers of that able journal, as much—perhaps to most of them more—of a poet than Shelley or Browning. Mr. Piatt is better than most of his class, but the difference is much like that between a green and a ripe persimmon. If we must have either, give us the ripe one by all means; but while there are peaches on the table we had rather not. A certain susceptibility to poetic influences in nature or in books, a mental temperament which has been sensitized, so to speak, by exposure to such influences until it takes an impression more or less distinct from everything of beauty that is brought within its focus—this is the source of Mr. Piatt's book, as it is of the thousand and one other books of the same kind, if not of the same degree of merit, which yearly swarm from our presses and clog the shelves of our publishers. Except as an index of the extent and weakness of our educational system, which in some sort they afford, they are absolutely without value; unhappily, they are not equally harmless. For this sort of nonsense generates itself; the publication of one poetaster encourages a brood of others, and so with deformed models and distorted aims our literature is impoverished and dwarfed. In this, as in everything else, our worship of pretty inutility forbids us to be great or generous or large. And for this state of things our critics are chiefly to blame, whose prejudice or ignorance lavishes on works like this indiscriminating and unmerited praise. Of course it behooves the conscientious critic to be cautious and tender as well as just, lest he kill a rare and precious flower where he thought to uproot a weed. But when the plant has had a fair chance to grow to its best in the favoring sunlight, when it has put forth blossom after blossom scentless and worthless, when it has plainly shown itself to be a weed; then is the time to strike and spare not. There is no space for weeds in our literary garden; there is no room in the world for books which only prove the inexhaustible changes of combination whereof the words of a language are capable; which contribute nothing to our fund of thought, nothing to our treasures of imaginative creation, nothing to our moral progress; which prove nothing, teach nothing, suggest nothing; which neither profit nor entertain.

We have said that Mr. Piatt's book is one of the best of its class; we should rather have said the worst. Its approximation to goodness only makes it the more deceptive and dangerous in the way we have already spoken of. Verse so facile and fluent as Mr. Piatt writes, aided by a not uncommon knack of combining striking adjectives with euphonious nouns, is easily mistaken for poetry; and his chromos are sometimes so close an imitation as scarcely to be distinguished from the original. But a critical sense will speedily detect that in all these flowery lines there is no trace of that subtle and nameless something that thrills one from the verse of Tennyson or Keats into an electric knowledge of the superb reality of poetry; there is not even any ingenuity in his verbal prettinesses—his purple glooms, his sudden glories, and restless splendors are familiar to the readers of every country paper—and, however accurate his copies, he is at his best only a faithful copyist. His poems are simply a record of the impressions made on a man of taste and sensibility by the contemplation of such superficial effects in the physical and spiritual order as all of us observe, and most of us are similarly impressed by. Every man of imagination sees castles in the sunset, or landscapes in the frost-tracery on his window-pane, or thinks of blighted hope in connection with fallen leaves; but no man of sense puts such commonplace fancies into verse, and asks the world to take them for poetry. Perhaps no better or more forcible illustration can be given of Mr. Piatt's poverty of mental resource, of the beggarly lankness of his fancy, than to notice the "damnable iteration" with which his favorite images and metaphors are made to do duty over and over again. Here, for example, is a common idea rather prettily expressed:

"A dreaming girl, as shy as dew  
In dells of fairy land apart,  
Within your soul a lily grew—  
A rose within your heart."—P. 124.

\* *Western Windows, and Other Poems*. By John James Piatt. New York: Hurd & Houghton; Cambridge: Riverside Press. 1869.



Not less than eight times is this thought substantially repeated during the remaining one hundred pages. On p. 205 it becomes "the flower-like soul of my boyhood;" on p. 216 it is:

"The fragrant little rose-leaf  
She sends by thee, is come:  
Ah! in her heart was blooming,  
The rose she stole it from."

On p. 223 it is,

"the love  
Flower-like I cast aside."

On pp. 166, 200, 211, 213, 227 the curious reader will find other variations. On p. 13 are these lines:

"Yes, the air is so still that I hear almost the sounds I cannot hear—  
That, when no other sound is plain, ring in my empty ear."

Long before we end the book this idea has become an old friend continually recurring in various disguises. On p. 18 we find it in the lines,

"And sounds that quiet loves to keep  
Were heard and heard not everywhere."

On p. 28 it is,

"Till, busy with the silence far away  
(And whether heard or heard not hardly known),  
First indistinct, then louder, nearer still,  
And ever louder grew a tremulous roar."

On p. 36 we have the "mild twilight"

"Clothing the grasses everywhere  
With scarce a dream of sound."

On p. 57,

"Her single gentle voice that is not heard  
By the deaf ear, but in the hearkening heart;"

and again,

"Didst thou not hear a bird beside thy pane,  
A tender moment—hear but hardly hear?"

On p. 69 "voices pass"

"From dreams, but leave a wake of sound."

P. 100,

"(A Sound that half is Silence listening)."

And in the same piece, p. 101, metaphor is mingled to accommodate

"The silence that is God's voice speaking, slow  
In starry syllables, for evermore."

The very original and striking thought on p. 19:

"(So much of life is near so much of death),"

is repeated still more impressively on p. 76:

"Know Life and Death in every passage meet."

The children whom we find on page 90,

"Pressing their loving foreheads to the pane  
To see the forest black in twilight rain,  
But only see their happy walls within;"

again, on page 113,

"Press their joyous faces  
Against the darkened pane,  
And the lighted world behind them  
They see without in the rain."

"The chrysalis within my heart," on p. 132, is still there on p. 205:

"The butterfly fluttered in sunshine,  
The chrysalis lies in my heart."

The

"... high wisdom's low simplicity,  
And awful tenderness of voted power,"

which he ascribes to President Lincoln on p. 178, seems to Mr. Piatt so very happy a combination of words that no other will do to mourn his assassination on p. 187. Fires and windows supply Mr. Piatt's poetic inspiration so often as to suggest the unavoidable conviction that his life has been mainly passed in poking the one and peering through the other. Out of the one hundred poems in the volume, twenty-six celebrate in one way or another fires or windows, and throughout the book a very casual examination discovered thirty-six references to fires, and forty to windows. Self-repetition to so preposterous an extent in a 12mo volume of 231 pages indicates, as we said, a most lamentable barrenness of invention.

Doubtless a closer scrutiny would reveal that Mr. Piatt has not confined his borrowing to his own pages. Not that we deem him a plagiarist; writers of his class do not plagiarize. They unconsciously adapt. They do not originate, but they are quick to expand and to vary a suggested thought. Mr. Piatt's *Steps of Ghosts*, we fancy, bears such a relation to Mr. Longfellow's *Haunted Houses*. But we have not time to dwell longer on a book which is worth the space we have already given it only because it afforded us a fair opportunity of recording our protest against the whole ephemeral brood of weakling poetasters of which Mr. Piatt is so fair a type. Yet, having shown why we must regard him as a literary superfluity, it is fair to say that his book is not without occasional prettinesses of phrase or fancy. The weed may hold a dew-drop as well as the flower; the difference is, that it emphasizes the worthlessness of one as much as the beauty of the other. *Sleep* is rather quaintly and neatly figured in this little poem:

"The Mist crawls over the River,  
Hiding the shore on either side,  
And under the veiling Mist for ever,  
Neither hear we nor feel we the tide."

"But our skiff has the will of the River,  
Though nothing is seen to be passed;  
Though the Mist may hide it for ever,  
The current is drawing us fast."

"The matins sweet from the far-off town  
Fill the ear with their beautiful dream,  
The vespers were hushing the twilight down  
When our oars were lost in the stream."

*Moths*, too, has the merit of conveying, in a rather striking allegory, the usual failure of aspiration; and here is a pretty simile on p. 147:

"Zephyr through our window day by day  
Climbs like a child with roses in his hands;"

though it is better done in *Salome*:

"That is her chamber where the climbing vines  
Up to the windows mount like lovers bold,  
And carry clustering flowers in their hands,  
And whisper words, sweet words, with fragrant breath  
In through the casement."

Mr. Piatt's notions of grammar here and there display a Western freedom. In the titular poem, which is one of the shortest and most unmeaning in the volume,

he tells us that "many a mansion, many a cottage palpitate." Would he say, many a man have died? On p. 81, he says "October breathes the night," which we have vainly tried to comprehend; on p. 168 he uses the expression, "The world may pardon us to hold thee dear," which seems to us a questionable liberty with the King's English; on p. 211 he perplexes by begging his Beloved One "to waken in his morning her pure eyes," and in the concluding piece he talks about a curious "place, where haunt the hymns of bards of old." Is haunt ever intransitive? It would gratify us, too, to find in some future edition that "baptism" was no longer tortured into a trisyllable, as on p. 53, nor "hours" into a dissyllable, as on p. 92. We are free to confess, however, that we should be still more gratified to learn that there was to be no future edition, and that Mr. Piatt had determined to consecrate his talents to some more profitable and useful branch of literature.

## LIBRARY TABLE.

*ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.* By Lewis Carroll. With forty-two illustrations by John Tenniel. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1869.—One of the most charming books for the young folks we have seen for a long time. We hardly know which most to admire, the wild luxuriance of the author's imagination or the beauty and grotesqueness of the illustrations. Alice's adventures are quite unique, and are charmingly described. The parodies on well-known moral poems are excellent. *How doth the little Busy Bee* is thus rendered:

"How doth the little crocodile  
Improve each shining tail,  
And pour the waters of the Nile  
On every golden scale."

"How cheerfully he seems to grin,  
How neatly spreads his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in  
With gently smiling jaws!"

And this on *Father William* is capital:

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,  
'And your hair has become very white;  
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—  
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,  
'I feared it might injure the brain;  
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,  
Why I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, 'as I mentioned before,  
And have grown most uncommonly fat;  
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—  
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,  
'I kept all my limbs very supple,  
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—  
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth; 'one would hardly suppose  
That your eye was as steady as ever;  
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—  
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions and that is enough,"  
Said his father; 'don't give yourself airs!  
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?  
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

The book, handsomely printed on tinted paper, is as gay as scarlet and gold can make it, and both interiorly and exteriorly is a perfect gem.

*Studies on Thackeray.* By James Hannay. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons.—Mr. Hannay is specially fitted by his own studies among the masters of satire to define Thackeray's rank as an English satirist. It is not only in this light, however, that the great novelist is considered. Mr. Hannay pays a well-written tribute to his genius as a poet, humorist, and novelist. The matter of the volume which he has given us is of the kind one would look for rather in the pages of the current magazine than in this more substantial form. But its author gives, as its excuse for being so, the claim of Thackeray's permanent greatness, and the desire that the next generation will feel to know him as he really was, justly remarking: "The feeling a man's contemporaries have about him has a certain freshness and familiarity which posterity can only produce by a strong effort of the imagination." To those who revere Thackeray as one of the master spirits of English fiction, as the genial humorist, the profound critic, the kindly satirist, no appreciative criticism can ever come amiss, and Mr. Hannay's book is written in its most cordial spirit.

*Anne Severin.* By Madame Augustus Craven, author of *The Story of a Sister*. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1869.—This novel, which is just ending its serial course in the Catholic magazine, the *Month*, is a quiet and rather agreeable story, written in the interests of the "only true Church." The bigotry of the book is not offensive, and its Christianity is pure and sweet, although based on the radical assumption that there is no happiness save in the Church of Rome. It may safely be added that the book is not sufficiently clever to be dangerous to the peace of mind of the average Protestant reader.

*Busy Hands and Patient Hearts.* Translated from the German of Gustav Nieretz by Annie Harwood. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A new and beautiful edition of the touching little story from the German, already familiar to many children in a plainer and less attractive dress. It is a tender, simple story of how two little busy hands and a loving, patient heart won their deserved triumph in spite of poverty and many other trials. Such a lesson is a good one to teach the child heart, and this little book is not less likely to win its way because it has a handsome cover and tasteful illustrations.

*The General's Daughter.* By Anna Argyle. New York: American News Co. 1869.—As a novel we found the story exceedingly uninteresting. The plot is interwoven with the history of the revolutionary outbreak of 1848, which finally separated Neufchatel from Prussia.

*Colonel Thorpe's Scenes in Arkansas.* Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A series of sketches of Western life, grossly coarse and profane, though not without humor.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

WM. WHITE & Co., Boston.—Tale of a Physician; or, the Seeds of Crime. In Three Parts. Complete in one volume. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Pp. 325. 1869.  
HURD & Houghton, New York.—Across the Continent: A Stage Ride over the Plains with Speaker Colfax, in the Summer of 1865. By Samuel Bowles, editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. New edition. Pp. 390. 1869.  
J. B. FORD & Co., New York.—The Sermons of Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. First series. 1869.

OAKLEY & MASON, New York.—First Steps in German: An Elementary Grammar and Conversational Reader. By M. Th. Preu. Pp. 157. 1869.  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—The Sexes Here and Hereafter. By William H. Holcombe, M.D. Pp. 277. 1869.  
LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.—The Ark of Elm Island. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Pp. 288. 1869.  
GEORGE S. WILCOX, New York.—Unknown: A Novel. By Berriedale. Pp. 425. 1869.

## TABLE-TALK.

THE old adage that there is nothing like leather is constantly receiving new illustrations. To the various paper productions of this paper age—paper collars, paper shirts, and even paper vests, bonnets, and hats—must now be added paper coffins. Their inventor, remarks a contemporary, seems to have a belief in the universal adaptability of paper to all the needs of civilized life. He undertakes to coat ships with it, and make them impervious to shot; he employs it in the manufacture or construction of rocket cases, powder canisters, railway carriages, drain pipes, and party walls. He claims that it is at once lighter, stronger, harder, and cheaper than any other material hitherto in use for these purposes, not excepting iron, steel, and stone. His object in introducing it in the manufacture of coffins is to obtain what so many people rather absurdly consider a desideratum—a perfectly air-tight, water-proof, and damp-defying shell, which nothing from without can penetrate, and nothing from within can escape. The Zopissa paper coffin, in which these conditions are said to be fulfilled, is a solid-looking structure, very much resembling, in build and thickness, the ancient mummy cases preserved in the museum of the Historical Society.

A POINT of some interest, in view of the opening of the Pacific Railroad, arises as to the difference of time from London to China and Japan by the overland route through Egypt, and the westward route *via* the Pacific Railway. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's time is—from London to Hong Kong forty-one days, Shanghai forty-six days, and Yokohama fifty-two days, including all stoppages and intervals for transshipments, which occupy about seven days. Westward the time would probably be—London to New York ten days; New York to San Francisco seven days; San Francisco to Hong Kong eighteen days; total thirty-five days, not allowing any time for transshipments. This makes a very slight difference in favor of the Western route.

WE have received a copy of the Parisian journal *Le Monde Illustré*, republished here at the office of *Le Nouveau Monde*, Warren Street, New York, where a specimen may be obtained by anybody who will take the trouble to write for one. The number before us is lively and sparkling, and contains some excellent illustrations of the Suez Canal, the University boat-race on the Thames, scenes in Paris, etc. Among the attractions of *Le Nouveau Monde* which we ought not to omit to mention are Victor Hugo's novel *L'Homme qui rit*, in French, and *L'Invasion*, an historical romance by Erckmann-Chatrian, which promises to be very interesting. Either of these should largely increase the sales of our genial contemporary.

In a notice of *The Switzerland of America* which appeared in our columns a couple of months ago we said:

"Not having seen the Swiss Alps, the lofty ridges of the Andes, or the majestic Himalayas, Mr. Bowles's comparisons possess little value," etc.

The first clause of this statement we have just learned was partially inaccurate; Mr. Bowles has seen Switzerland, and we are glad of the opportunity of correcting the error. In an explanatory note Mr. Bowles, while "admitting, for the most part, the justice" of our critique, remarks:

"It would have been a very impudent pretension for me to have made so frequent comparisons with the Swiss Alps if I had no personal acquaintance with them. I am glad that I did not obtrude the fact that I spent a full summer in Switzerland, ascending nearly all her high mountains and seeing the country in all its details, but such, nevertheless, is the fact."

WILLIAM BALLANTYNE, of Washington City, will soon publish *Sermons*, by Rev. Octavius Perinchief, edited by Charles Lanman; and Thomas Belknap, of Hartford, will also publish in a few weeks the sixth edition, or fourteenth thousand, of Mr. Lanman's *Dictionary of Congress*. Of Mr. Perinchief, who resides in Philadelphia, we may echo what the papers tell us, that he is considered a preacher of extraordinary power and eloquence.

THE influence of man in modifying climate is often strikingly shown. Cape Verd Isles, once clothed with forests and tropical verdure, are now little more than barren desolate rocks, the destruction of the trees for fuel having so diminished the rain-fall that vegetation is no longer luxuriant. An opposite illustration is seen in the town of Ismalia, on the Isthmus of Suez. Until M. Lesseps began his labors on the Suez Canal, the site of the city was a dry, sandy desert upon which rain was never known to fall. Now the scene has been changed. An old dried-up lake has been filled with water from the hill, and an artificial oasis formed by irrigation, in which trees, shrubs, and plants of all descriptions grow rapidly. A corresponding change has taken place in the climate; the town is probably the healthiest in northern Egypt, and during the past year rain actually fell for fourteen days—a circumstance altogether without a precedent.

TOXICOLOGISTS in experimenting with hemlock have discovered that the plant usually known by that name is not poisonous, nor even medicinal; so that another popular theory must be discarded unless the facts relating to Socrates and Phocion may be explained on the supposition that the Greek *kúvelon* and the Latin *cicuta* are the same as the *Cicuta virosa* of Linnæus, which is a most poisonous plant.

THE Countess of Mornington, says the London *Athenæum*, widow of the notorious William Pole Tynley Long Wellesley, Earl of Mornington, who died recently in her 76th year, adds an incident to the romance of the peerage. After the ruin into which the reckless earl's affairs fell, some forty years ago, this lady was for a brief time an inmate of St. George's workhouse, and more than once had to apply at police courts for temporary relief. Yet she might have called monarchs "*cousins*." She was descended from the grandest and greatest of all the Plantagenets. Her mother came through Boyd, Cunningham, Glencairn, and Hamilton, from Mary Stuart, daughter of King James the Second of Scot-

land, and seventh in descent from Edward the First of England. The earldom of Mornington, extinct in the elder line of the Wellesleys, has lapsed to the Duke of Wellington.

ACCORDING to the German papers, the new Meyhöfer rifle is the most formidable weapon in existence. Charge and discharge appear to be simultaneous, and thirty shots, it is said, can be fired from it in a minute. The new weapon weighs only 8½ lbs., and the barrel has a length of 36 inches; the cartridges are of paper, which, beside being cheap, cannot expand and stick fast in the barrel. The long arrow-shaped projectile is fatal at 1,800 paces, and weighs only 1-24th of a pound, so that every soldier in the field can carry with him 100 cartridges. The rifle is loaded by a gentle blow of the flat of the hand on the handle of the valve which opens the powder chamber for the entrance of the cartridge.

THE University of Edinburgh has conferred the degree of LL.D. on Mr. Matthew Arnold, so that, as the *Spectator* says, "England has now once more a Dr. Arnold—in genius as unlike his father as in some features of character he is like him. The great poetical critic and critical poet of his age, sharing all its doubts, its tastes, its yearnings, there is yet in Mr. Matthew Arnold a severity and almost austerity of didactic purpose which links him with the great teacher of the previous generation, without separating him in any sense from our own."

THE manuscripts discovered some weeks ago at the India House, London, do not appear to be as valuable as was at first supposed. Recent examination has shown that they formed no part of Timour's library at all, but of a library at Beejapoor. They consist of 490 volumes, of which 25 are in Persian and the rest in Arabic, 20 being poetry, 70 history, and most of the rest theology. Several of them are authors' copies of old Mohammedan works, the oldest bearing date 1133, and one, the *Takwih of Tafizani*, dated 1356, is believed to be the author's manuscript.

ACCORDING to *Le Monde Illustré*, a Dr. Epstein has recently achieved such brilliant distinction in Paris as to earn the title of the first prestidigitateur of the age. In a short biographical sketch we learn that the doctor was born in Warsaw of a rich and honorable family, received an excellent education, and discovered accidentally, while travelling in India, the true secret of the art by which he is now astonishing the Parisians. He has given specimens of his skill before many crowned heads, and has just had the honor of amusing the French court.

MR. GLADSTONE, the English Premier, recently attended a concert in a small town in the South of England, and so highly pleased were the villagers with his condescension that the curate of the parish proposed to commemorate the event by placing a brass plate on the spot where he sat. A London paper, commenting on the absurdity of the compliment to a portion of Mr. Gladstone's corporeality, for which the clergyman might plead an *argumentum a posteriori*, though some vulgar and ill-advised persons might assert there was too much "rump-us" made of the matter, suggests the following inscription:

"Hoc loco, valde fortunato, vir celebratissimus, Lapis Lætus (Glad-stone), podicem suum, vix sufficienter venerandum imposuit."

A HANDSOME edition of *Meraugis de Portlesgues*, a MS. romance of the Round Table, by Raoul de Houdenc, a *trouvère* of the thirteenth century, has just been issued by M. Michelant, of the manuscript department of the Imperial Library of Paris. *Meraugis* belongs to the later cycle of Arthurian romance, after that of Walter Map, De Borron, etc., and its leading personages are unknown to the earlier cycle, though it introduces Gawain, Kay, Arthur, etc., in the course of the story.

A CURIOUS dialogue from the pen of Starkey, one of Henry VIII's chaplains, purporting to report the arguments and opinions of Cardinal Pole and Lupset on the evils of the time, has been discovered in the Record Office. As a picture of those days it is regarded as more valuable than Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*. The Early English Text Society will probably print it.

*Flibbertigibbet* is a new English magazine that is announced for the avowed purpose of proclaiming war to the knife against humbug, snobbery, jobbery, corruption, sensationalism, sensualism, extremes, and extravagance. What a fine opening there is for some half-dozen *Flibbertigibbets* here!

BLACK-BALLING has of late been so prevalent at the London clubs as to lead to an investigation into the circumstance. In some of the first-rate clubs it was found that the ballot-boxes were tampered with, balls made from wine corks having been placed in them before the voting began.

CHARLES LAMB appears to be still popular with the English reading public, over 45,000 copies of *Elia and Elina* having recently been sold by the London publishers.

## CHESS.

WE regret to learn that the *Chess World*, the only magazine in the English language devoted solely to Chess, is to be discontinued, owing, we believe, to a want of sufficient support on the part of the Chess-playing community. It is singular that in a country where Chess is so much cultivated as it is in England an adequate number of subscribers could not be found to render a magazine so ably conducted as was the *Chess World* a permanent success, and it certainly does not redound much to the credit of English amateurs as a body that such should be the case. In Germany, which boasts of two magazines, both the *Neue Berliner* and the *Leipziger Schachzeitung* are said to have a large and increasing circulation; while in France M. Preti's journal, *La Stratégie*, though only established a year or two ago, is rapidly advancing in public estimation, and to all appearance promises to have a long and prosperous career. That in America and England, which have done so much of late years to further the cause of Chess, no magazine devoted to the game can be profitably sustained, is, in our opinion, a reproach to the Chess-players of the two countries, but one, let us hope, soon to be removed, by the reappearance of a new series both of the *Chess World* in London and the *Chess Monthly* in New York.

## GAME LVIII.

Played in the Brooklyn Chess Club, Messrs. Brenzinger and Merian consulting together against Messrs. Deimar and Phelan.

## IRREGULAR OPENING.

## WHITE.

Messrs. B. and M.

1. P to K4

When correctly taken advantage of, this move is pretty certain to give the second player an inferior game.

2. P takes P

3. P to Q4

Much better than attempting to maintain the Pawn.

4. P to QB4

## BLACK.

Messrs. D. and P.

1. P to Q4

2. Kt to KB3

3. Kt takes QP

4. Kt to KB3

5. Kt to QB3

6. Kt to KB3

7. B to K3

8. B to Q3

9. B to K2

10. Castles

11. P takes B

12. R to QKt

13. B to KKt5

14. B to KB4

15. P to KR3

16. P takes B

17. Kt to KKt3

18. K to R2

19. B to K5

20. P to KB4

Taking the Kt at once seems to be preferable.

21. Q to K3

21. B takes Kt



22. Q takes B  
23. R to Kt4  
24. R to K2  
25. R to K3  
26. R to K5
27. P to Q5  
28. P to Kt3
29. P takes B  
30. K to R  
31. Q takes Q  
32. K takes R ch  
33. K takes R  
34. P to QR4  
35. K to K2

Consultation games, as a rule, are seldom remarkable for either "brilliantly or brilliancy," and the present "partie" is certainly no exception to the rule.

They had better have taken off the Bishop, though even then White would have remained with a great advantage in position.

29. B takes BP ch  
Well played; winning an important Pawn, and securing a "passed" one at the same time.

It matters very little what they play, as White's victory is merely a question of time.

36. R to KR7  
37. R takes KP  
38. R to KR3  
39. R to K3  
40. P to KR4  
41. R to K6

36. K to Kt  
37. K to K2  
38. K to K3  
39. K to B2  
40. R to Q

After a few more moves Black surrendered.

### GAME LIX.

Played in Paris, in the match between Messrs. Neumann and Rosenthal.

#### KING BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

- WHITE—Mr. N. BLACK—Mr. R.
1. P to K4  
2. P to KB4  
3. B to QB4
1. P to K4  
2. P takes P  
3. P to KB4

A favorite defence to the Bishop's Gambit in the time of Philidor, and one which appears to have become quite popular again, especially among the strong players of Germany.

4. Q to K2  
This, or Kt to QB3, is given as the best mode of continuing the attack.

5. K to Q  
6. Kt to QB3

4. Q to KR5 ch  
5. P takes P

A stronger move than the immediate capture of the KP.

7. Kt takes KP  
8. Kt to KB3

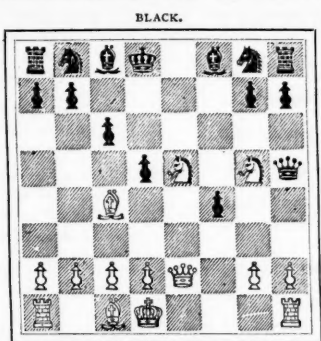
6. P to QB3  
7. K to Q  
8. Q to KR4

If, up to this point, the best defensive moves have been made by Black, we think there can be no doubt that 3. P to KB4 is a very poor defence, White having in the present situation a decisive advantage in position.

9. QKt to KKt5  
10. KKt to K5

9. P to Q4  
10. Q to KR5

He appears to have nothing better to do. We give a diagram of the position after White's 10th move:



If Q takes Q, White retakes with Bishop, with an easy game before him.

11. QKt to KB7 ch  
A singular blunder for a player like Mr. Neumann to commit. He ought, of course, to have checked with KKt and afterwards with the Queen at K5, completely breaking up Black's game.

12. B to QKt3  
In his notes to this game Mr. N. remarks that B to Q3 is preferable.

13. Kt to KB3  
14. Kt takes R  
15. P to Q4  
16. P to QB3  
17. B to QB2  
18. B to Q3  
19. K to K
12. Kt to KR3  
13. Q to KB3  
14. B to Q3  
15. B to KKt5  
16. Kt to Q2  
17. R takes Kt  
18. Q to KB2  
19. Kt to KB3

After his narrow escape on the 11th move Mr. Rosenthal plays exceedingly well.

20. K to QB2  
21. Q to KB2  
22. Q to KB  
23. B to Q2  
24. P to QKt4  
25. P to QR3  
26. K takes Kt  
27. Q to KB2  
28. B takes B  
29. K to QB
20. R to K  
21. Kt to K5  
22. Q to KB3  
23. P to Kt4  
24. Kt to KB4  
25. Kt takes QB  
26. Kt to K6  
27. B to KB4  
28. Q takes B  
29. K to QB

The attack is so vigorously sustained that throughout the whole game White never has the opportunity afforded him of bringing either of his Rooks into play.

30. Kt to KKt  
31. K to QKt2  
32. P takes KBP  
33. K to Kt3  
34. K to Kt2
29. P to KKt5  
30. P to KB6  
31. Q to Q6  
32. Kt to QB5 ch  
33. Kt to Q7 ch  
34. Kt to QB5 ch

And the game was drawn by perpetual check.

### GAME LX.

Between Messrs. Lord and Macdonnell, in the Tournament for the *Glow-worm* prize.

#### SICILIAN OPENING.

- WHITE—Mr. L. BLACK—Mr. M.
1. P to K4  
2. B to QB4  
3. Kt to QB3  
4. P to QR4
1. P to QB4  
2. P to K5  
3. Kt to QB3

In the event of Black's having moved P to QR3, the

above move becomes almost necessary; in the present instance, however, it strikes us as being merely a loss of time.

5. P to Q3  
6. P takes P  
7. B to QR2  
8. Kt to KB3  
9. Castles  
10. P to Q4  
11. B to Kt5  
12. P to QKt3  
13. P takes B  
14. B to KR4  
15. P takes QBP  
16. R takes Kt  
17. Kt to K2
4. Kt to KB3  
5. P to Q4  
6. P takes P  
7. B to K3  
8. B to K2  
9. Castles  
10. P to QB5  
11. B to Kt5  
12. B takes Kt  
13. P to KR3  
14. Kt to QKt5  
15. Kt takes KB  
16. P takes QBP  
17. Q to QR4

With the intention of advancing P to QKt4. Instead of retreating the Bishop we should have felt inclined to play Q to QKt square.

19. P to QB3  
20. Q to QB2  
21. P takes P
18. P to QKt4  
19. Kt to Q4  
20. P to QKt5  
21. Kt takes P

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. N. W., Westboro, Mass.—The problems have been received and are under examination. Your attempted solutions of Problems XXXI. and XXXII. are incorrect.

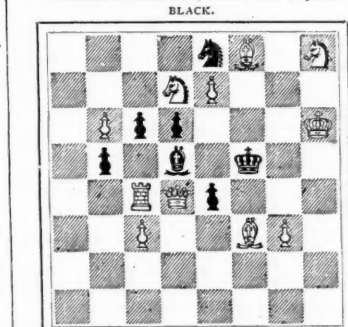
G. W. E., Fort Fairfield, Maine.—Look more attentively at Problem XXXII, and you will find that Q to K is the only move by which mate can be effected in the requisite number of moves.

A. M. P., San Francisco, Cal.—The problem is correctly printed, the following being the solution:

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to KR2  
2. Q to QR5  
3. Q mates
1. B takes P  
2. Any move.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.—The latest Chess news item of any importance since the falling through of the Blackburne-De Vere match is the proposed visit of Mr. Kolisch for the express purpose of playing a match with Mr. Steinitz. An encounter between these two celebrities would be of more interest to the chess world at large than any similar contest since the Morphy-Anderssen match in 1859.

PROBLEM XXXIX. By the Rev. Henry Walker. From the *Westminster Chess Club Papers*.



White to play and checkmate in two moves.

22. Q to QB3  
23. Kt to QKt2  
24. Kt to KB4  
25. R to K2  
26. Kt to KR5  
27. Kt takes B ch  
28. Q to QB2
22. Q to Q4  
23. P to QR4  
24. Q to QB3  
25. B to KB3  
26. Kt to Q4  
27. Kt takes Kt  
28. KR to QB

The slight advantage in position acquired by Black in the early part of this game is skillfully maintained by him up to the final checkmate.

29. Kt to Kt4  
30. Q to Q2  
31. Q takes Q  
32. Kt to Q16  
33. Kt takes KP  
34. R takes R  
35. Kt to K7  
36. Kt to Q6  
37. P to QB6  
38. P to B7  
39. Kt to QB6  
40. Kt to Kt7 dis ch  
41. P Queens
29. Kt to Q4  
30. Q to Q2  
31. Q takes Q  
32. Kt to Q16  
33. Kt takes KP  
34. R takes R  
35. Kt to K7  
36. Kt to Q6  
37. P to QB6  
38. P to B7  
39. Kt to QB6  
40. Kt to Kt7 dis ch  
41. P Queens

And Black mates in two moves.

OBITUARY.—We are sorry to record the death of Mr. P. P. Randolph, one of the most eminent of the distinguished band of Chess-players who used to meet at the Athenaeum Chess Club, Philadelphia. Mr. Randolph, who took an active part in the memorable telegraphic match between New York and Philadelphia in 1858, had since retired in a great measure from the Chess world, but his death will leave a void not easily supplied in the Chess circles of his native city.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

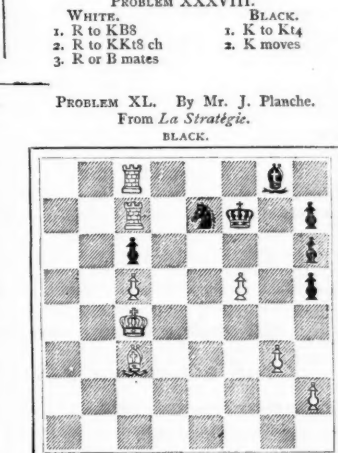
PROBLEM XXXVII.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to QR  
2. Kt to K6 or to KB5 dis mate
1. K moves  
2. K moves

PROBLEM XXXVIII.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to KB8  
2. K to KKt3 ch  
3. R or B mates
1. K to Kt4  
2. K moves

PROBLEM XL. By Mr. J. Planche. From *La Stratégie*.



White to play and checkmate in four moves.

### BROTHERHEAD LIBRARY,

129 EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET, NEAR IRVING PLACE.

Catalogues now ready of 23,000 volumes, English, French, and German. New books and periodicals, foreign and home, constantly received.

### ELGIN WATCHES.

Manufactured by the National Watch Company, of Elgin, Ill.

Pronounced by Watchmakers, Railroad and Expressmen, East and West, to be the most correct Time-keepers made. Avoid Imitations, and all parties who advertise to send our goods C.O.D. Call on your Jeweller and see them.

Business Office and Salesroom, 139 and 161 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

### JUST ISSUED:

#### The Publishers' Trade List Directory for 1869

contains catalogues of all the books published by nearly every publisher in this country.

AS A WORK OF REFERENCE FOR BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKBUYERS, its value is incalculable. It saves time in making up orders; indicates where to buy certain classes of books or stationery advantageously; gives the prices, etc.

LISTS OF JUVENILE AND RELIGIOUS BOOKS are in Section 1st.

BELLES-LETTRES, FICTION, etc., are in Section 2d.

SCHOOL-BOOKS AND STATIONERY are in Section 3d.

LAW, MEDICAL, AND SCIENTIFIC WORKS are in section 4th. Cloth, \$5.

Each section, in paper covers, sold separately at \$1 each.

HOWARD CHALLEN, Publisher,

1308 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

### BROWN, WATKINS & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF STATIONERY,

LITHOGRAPHERS, PRINTERS,

AND

BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

42 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

\* Prompt attention paid to orders by Mail.

### CORHAM MANUFACTURING CO.'S,

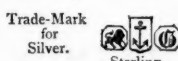
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

### STERLING SILVER WARE AND FINE ELECTRO-PLATED WARE.

THIS COMPANY, having the most extensive and complete Silver-Ware Factory in the world, and employing the best talent in designing, modelling, and finishing, are, with the aid of ingenious and labor-saving machinery, enabled to produce in large quantities, and at the lowest prices, goods beautiful in design and unsurpassed in finish, the fineness of which they guarantee to be of sterling purity, U. S. Mint assay. A certificate is issued with all articles in silver for the purpose of protecting purchasers from imitations of their designs.

They also continue to manufacture their well-known and unrivalled Nickel-Silver Electro-Plated Ware, which will last twenty-five years with fair every-day usage.

Orders received from the trade only, but these goods may be obtained from responsible dealers everywhere.



### THE CORHAM WARE

MAY BE OBTAINED FROM

#### ADAMS CHANDLER & CO.,

20 John Street, New York.

WE SEND OUR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST OF

#### CORHAM STERLING SILVER WARE

To any address on application.

#### HOWARD & CO.,

Jewellers and Silversmiths,  
619 Broadway, New York.

The Liverpool & London & Globe Ins. Co.  
Assets Gold, \$17,690,390  
" in the  
United States 2,000,000  
45 William St.

### WALTHAM WATCHES.

The  $\frac{3}{4}$  Plate Watches made by the American Watch Company of Waltham, Mass., are by far the best watches made in the United States, and unsurpassed for beauty, finish, or fine time-keeping qualities. In this country the manufacture of these fine grade watches is not even attempted except at Waltham.

These Watches are now made to wind at the stem. For sale by watch dealers generally.

### STEM-WINDING

### Waltham Watches.

These watches represent the perfection of American industry. As they excel both in principle and finish, they will be guaranteed to run closer than any watch of foreign manufacture. An examination of our large assortment is respectfully solicited.

#### HOWARD & CO.,

Jewellers and Silversmiths, 619 Broadway, New York.

### WINES AND BRANDIES

FROM OUR

### LAKE AND MOUND VINEYARDS,

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

B. D. WILSON & Co., San Francisco, California. THOMAS H. MORROW, A. L. CHAMBERLIN, New York.

Every property contained in our Wines and Brandies we press from Grapes grown on our own Vineyards.

#### WILSON, MORROW & CHAMBERLIN,

45 Murray Street, New York.

# The Round Table.

A Saturday Review of Politics, Literature, Society, and Art.

\$5 a Year, in advance; \$4, Clergymen and Teachers; \$3 for Six Months; Single Copies, 12 Cents.

## THE ROUND TABLE

is acknowledged by the ablest judges, American and European, to be the best journal of its class ever established in the United States, and it is undoubtedly the most successful.

## HOME AND FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE,

PREPARED IN A CONCISE YET COMPREHENSIVE FORM.

## THE STAFF OF REVIEWERS

HAS BEEN STRENGTHENED,

And Constant Efforts will be made (particularly in special subjects) to have their work the best of its kind that can be produced.

## THE ROUND TABLE CHESS FEUILLETON

Has been placed in charge of an eminent chess-player and writer.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTICES,

OF A SEARCHING AND UNCONVENTIONAL CHARACTER,

Will appear as Regularly as they may be Deserved.

Clubs of Five will receive the ROUND TABLE for the year by remitting Twenty-two Dollars and a Half; and Clubs of Ten by remitting Forty Dollars.

## CAUTION.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a Post-office Money Order, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, but always in a REGISTERED letter. The registration fee has been reduced to fifteen cents, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

132 Nassau Street, New York.

## THE SOUTHERN REVIEW.

THE SOUTHERN REVIEW was established in January, 1867, with the view of providing a fitting organ for the thinking men of the country, and in the desire to furnish for the South a literary periodical of the highest class; both which the editors conceived to be needed at the time.

Our success thus far convinces us that we have met a real want; and affords us the additional gratification of believing that we have met it in a satisfactory manner. But we desire, if possible, to reach a larger circle of readers and especially the conservative portion of the North; believing that, while the literary and critical matter of THE REVIEW is well worthy their attention, the broad and philosophical conservatism of our political articles will have their cordial approbation.

THE SOUTHERN REVIEW is published quarterly on the first days of January, April, July, and October. Each number contains 250 large octavo pages, handsomely printed on heavy paper. The subscription price is Five Dollars per annum.

Contributions are invited from all sections of the country.

ALBERT TAYLOR BLEDSOE,

WM. HAND BROWNE,

Editors and Proprietors.

6 ST. PAUL STREET, Baltimore.

## WE USE

## A. A. CONSTANTINE'S

PERSIAN HEALING OR PINE TAR SOAP. Each cake is stamped "A. A. Constantine's Persian Healing or Pine Tar Soap. Patented March 12th, 1867." No other is genuine.

## BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

FOR THE TOILET, BATH, AND NURSERY this Soap has no equal. It preserves the complexion fair, removes all dandruff, keeps the hair soft and silky, and prevents it from falling off, and is "the best Hair Renovator in use."

IT CURES chapped hands, pimples, salt rheum, frosted feet, burns, all diseases of the scalp and skin, catarrh of the head, and is a

## GOOD SHAVING SOAP.

THIS SOAP, as it justly deserves, has already won the praise and esteem of very many of our first families in this city and throughout the country.

IT IS USED extensively by our best physicians. Wherever used it has become a household necessity. We advise all to try it. For sale by all Dealers. Agents wanted. Call or address

A. A. CONSTANTINE & CO.,

43 Ann Street, New York City.

## BROOKLYN MONTHLY.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

## CONTENTS. March.

HENRY WARD BEECHER. L. P. Brockett, M.D. (With portrait.)  
HISTORY OF EDUCATION IN KINGS COUNTY. H. R. Stiles, M.D.  
HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT. Anthony Trollope.  
THE BLIGHTED LIFE. Miss L. S. Hartley.  
A physician's story.  
INFANT BURIAL. S—  
THE DOMINIE'S RIDE WITH THE DEVIL. A. J. Spooner.  
IN VINO VERITAS.  
NEWSPAPER LIFE IN NEW YORK. Augustus Maverick.  
CHRONICLES OF GRANVILLE. Miss —. Chapter I. The Colgrave Mansion.  
THE HYMNS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. Benj. D. Silliman.  
A MORNING IN A NEW YORK POLICE COURT. John F. Baker. Part I.  
EN MASQUE. F. G. S.  
THE LAST BATTLE OF THE WAR. Col. Wm. W. Bliss.  
GENUINE WINE.  
BROOKLYN'S OPPORTUNITY.  
REAL ESTATE INTERESTS. V. Aldridge.  
THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF BROOKLYN. Rev. S. T. Spear, D.D.  
CURRENT LITERATURE.  
TO OUR READERS AND PATRONS.

## CONTENTS. April.

Rt. Rev. ABRAM NEWKIRK LITTLE JOHN, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of L. I. L. P. Brockett, M.D. (With Portrait.)  
ROORBACKS, AND THE LIKE. Augustus Maverick.  
HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT. Continued. Anthony Trollope.  
THE WINDOW OVER THE WAY. Miss Jennie M. Paine.  
HISTORY OF EDUCATION IN KINGS COUNTY. H. R. Stiles, M.D.  
YAKUP PATCHELL; OR, THE LAST OF THE LEATHER BREECHES. A. J. Spooner.  
RUNNING THE LITERARY GAUNTLET. Bradford Brooks.  
CHRONICLES OF GRANVILLE. Miss —. Chapter II. The Stepmother.  
O YE GIDDY HAVANESE. Wm. Ross Wallace.  
PASSAGE OF THE GREAT CANON OF THE COLORADO. Illustrated Travels.  
TO J. T. B. . . . A. J. S.  
RECENT NARRATIVES OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.  
DESCRIPTION OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, BROOKLYN. (With Illustration.)  
A MORNING IN A NEW YORK POLICE COURT. John F. Baker. Part II.  
CURRENT LITERATURE.

## CONTENTS. May.

ISAAC VAN ANDEN, Proprietor of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle. (With Portrait.) Joseph Howard, Jr.  
TRUE FRIENDSHIP. W. J. Haulon.  
HUMAN AUGURS. Augustus Maverick.  
THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT. (With Illustration—Descent of the Sierras.) H. P. Wells.  
CHRONICLES OF GRANVILLE. Chapter III. Mr. Marly. Miss —.  
THE FAITHFUL HEART. T. W. T.  
GEMINI. Corday.  
THE FIRST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN BROOKLYN. Old St. Ann's. A. J. Spooner.  
THE DECLINE OF MODERN DOMESTIC LIFE. Bradford Brooks.  
SONG OF MAY. Wm. Ross Wallace.  
STRANGE BUT TRUE. Greenville.  
THE TENDER FRIEND. Grace W. Hinsdale.  
A MORNING IN A NEW YORK POLICE COURT. Part III. John F. Baker.  
HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT. Continued. Anthony Trollope.  
IN WAIT. Miss Jennie M. Paine.  
HISTORY OF EDUCATION IN KINGS COUNTY. (Concluded.) H. R. Stiles, M.D.  
THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE. Illustrations—View of the Bridge from the Battery. The Broadway and Tower. Map.  
THOUGHTS ON THE NEWSPAPER.  
BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## TERMS:

## BROOKLYN MONTHLY.

Single Number, . . . 30 Cents.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy one year, . . . . .	\$3 00
Three copies one year, . . . . .	8 00
Six copies one year, . . . . .	15 00
Twelve copies one year, . . . . .	28 00
Eighteen copies one year, . . . . .	40 00
Twenty-four copies one year, . . . . .	48 00

## LOW CLUB RATES.

To any person sending us the regular subscription price of any of the following publications and \$1, we will send for one year the BROOKLYN MONTHLY, together with the publication indicated:

Eclectic, . . . . .	\$5 00	The N. Y. Daily Star, . . . . .	\$6 00
Harper's Monthly, . . . . .	4 00	The N. Y. Daily Sun, . . . . .	6 00
Putnam's Magazine, . . . . .	4 00	Army and Navy Journal, . . . . .	6 00
The Galaxy, . . . . .	4 00	Harper's Weekly, . . . . .	4 00
Atlantic Monthly, . . . . .	4 00	Harper's Bazar, . . . . .	4 00
Phrenological Journal, . . . . .	3 00	American Journal of Mining, . . . . .	4 00
Round Table, . . . . .	5 00		

In all cases the sums opposite the different publications are their regular yearly subscription price. Money, unless at the risk of the sender, should be either forwarded by Post-office order or draft payable to our order.

HORACE W. LOVE & CO.,

379 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN NEWS CO., General Agents.

## GUIDES TO TRAVEL BY THE PACIFIC RAILROAD

THROUGH WESTERN AMERICA.

THE SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA; or, A Summer Vacation in the Parks and Mountains of Colorado. By Samuel Bowles. A volume of 200 pages; price \$1.

Also, ACROSS THE CONTINENT, by the same author. A stage ride to and through the Interior and Pacific States in 1865. A volume of 400 pages. New edition. Price \$1 50.

Both books sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price by

SAMUEL BOWLES & CO.,

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

"These books," says George W. Curtis in Harper's Weekly, "will have a perennial interest and value."

## JUST ISSUED:

## UNFORGIVEN.

A NOVEL BY BERRIEDALE.

This is one of the most interesting novels of the day, and one which is destined to create a decided sensation in literary circles.

12mo, bound in English muslin, bevelled boards, 425 pages, \$1 75.

ALSO, NOW READY, FIFTH EDITION OF

## CAMORS.

From the French of Octave Feuillet, author of A Romance of a Poor Young Man.

388 pages, \$1 75.

Sent on receipt of price.

GEORGE S. WILCOX, Publisher,

37 Mercer Street, New York.

## THE STECK PIANOS,

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT,

are remarkable for evenness and elasticity of touch, fine and singing quality of tone, great power and durability of construction, as well as neatness of style and beauty of finish. They are acknowledged by all artists as unsurpassed.

Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and examine these Pianos at the Warerooms,

## STECK'S HALL,

141 Eighth Street, between Broadway and Fourth Avenue.

## NEW PATENT PIANOS.

## RAVEN & BACON

(ESTABLISHED 1829),

WAREROOMS 644 AND 646 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANO-FORTES, WITH THEIR PATENT COMBINATION SOUNDING-BOARDS,

PATENTED AUGUST 14, 1866.

This invention, introduced exclusively into our Pianos, is of the greatest advantage to the tone of the instrument, as it affects the sounding-board, the very soul of the piano, and produces thereby a pure liquid tone greatly superior in quality and power to that of the ordinary piano. The sounding-board, released from its connection with the piano-case, and resting upon under sounding-boards, is relieved from the rigidity caused by such connection, and its vibratory quality increased.

Our pianos are first-class in every respect, and purchasers will have not only our own guarantee as to their quality, but also the guarantee of the reputation of the instrument, obtained from the experience of our patrons who have used them for a generation. All lovers of this eminently household instrument, as well as parties proposing to purchase new pianos, are invited to call and examine our assortment.

## ERIE RAILWAY.

Trains leave Depot foot of Chambers Street, PAVONIA FERRY, as follows:

8 A.M. Day Express, for Rochester, Buffalo, Dunkirk, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and all points West and South.  
8.30 A.M. Way Train, Daily, for Otisville and intermediate Stations.  
10 A.M. Express Mail, for Buffalo, Dunkirk, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and all points West and South.  
3.30 P.M. Way Train, for Middletown and intermediate Stations.  
4.30 P.M. Way Express, stopping only at Sterling Junction, Turner's, and Stations west of Turner's (except Oxford), to Newburgh, Warwick, Montgomery, Unionville, and Port Jervis.  
5 P.M. Way Train, for Suffern and intermediate Stations.  
6 P.M. Way Train, for Suffern and intermediate Stations.  
6.30 P.M. Night Express, Daily, for all points West and South. By this Train Sleeping Coaches will run through to Buffalo, Rochester, Cleveland, and Cincinnati without change.  
8 P.M. Emigrant Train, Daily, for the West.  
Also Way Trains for Rutherford Park, Passaic, and Paterson at 6.45 and 9.15 A.M., 12 M., and 1.45, 4, 6.45 and 11 P.M. On Wednesday nights a Theatre Train at 12 P.M. for Suffern and intermediate stations.

SUNDAY TRAINS—8.30 A.M. Way Train for Otisville—1.45 P.M. for Paterson—6.30 P.M. Night Express, for Rochester, Buffalo, Dunkirk, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and all points West and South—8 P.M. Emigrant and Way Train—11 P.M. for Paterson and Port Jervis.  
Express Trains, accompanied by new and improved Day and Night Coaches, run through to Buffalo, Rochester, Dunkirk, Cleveland, and Cincinnati without change, and in direct connection with all Southern and Western Lines.

Tickets can be obtained, and orders for the checking and transfer of Baggage may be left at the company's office—241, 987 (corner Twenty-third Street), and 233 Broadway, Depot foot of Chambers Street, New York; also at Long Dock Depot, Jersey City.

H. RIDDLE, General Superintendent.

WM. R. BARR, General Passenger Agent.